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His eyes fell upon something that started from out the gloom toward him--something that sent the blood in icy currents through his veins.

OLD SOLITARY, The Hermit Trapper; DRAGON OF SILVER LAKE.

BY OLL COOMES.

Author of "Hawkeye Harry," "Boy Spy," "Ironsides, the Scout," "Death-Notch, the Destroyer," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

A NIGHT OF ADVENTURE.

It was a wintry day in the year 1846. The brow of the heavens was moody and

Great volumes of dark, gray clouds lay piled in jumbled masses against the north-ern sky, and from these, fleecy shreds detached themselves and went trooping across the heavens, trailing their tattered and torn fragments in wild confusion through the air. A damp, chilly wind swept across the plain, and rushed threateningly through the brown valleys and forest aisles, moaning bitter stories of a coming storm to the wildwood monarchs that stood writhing and

shivering in its breath.

Beneath that continent of clouds, the great prairie of the north-west lay, apparently tenantless in its murky gloom, its hills and valleys, its meandering streams and leafless mottes of timber, fading away into one dissolving view, that mysterious ocean one dissolving view—that mysterious ocean of darkness—the boundary of the vision.

broad waste of undulating prairie, stretching its unbroken length between the English river and Silver Lake, in the then

its autumnal grandeur and desolation, ready to receive the winter's offering that was gathering in the clouds above. It was a bleist representation of the solution of the front bow was loaded to its utmost capacity.

Whither this solitary man was journeyWhither this solitary man was journeyAs he rode on, he at length noticed that plain, whose continuation of gentle swells, or prairie waves, was unbroken inside of weary leagues, traveling westward from the

But, despite the solitude and the threatening character of the approaching storm, life was abroad on that plain. Hoofed feet were pressing its soil and going in a westerly course in obedience to the guiding hand

of a master.

It was a solitary horseman who was making his way across that plain, in the face of the gathering snow-storm. He was well bundled from the biting winds, in a wolf-skin coat, buffalo over-shoes and a fur cap. The latter was drawn down over his ears, meeting almost with the upturned collar of his great-coat, and nearly concealing his face. A red woolen scarf encircled his neck, and its ends crossing on his breast, passed under the arms and worst included. passed under the arms and were tied behind

The animal he bestrode showed signs of exhaustion from long travel and the burden it bore. For, in addition to its rider, there territory of Iowa, lay in all the fullness of l were several large packs strapped to the

Whither this solitary man was journey-ing was mystery to all but himself, for the country to the westward, as far as the Missouri river, was the undisputed hunting-grounds of the various tribes of Indians that dwelt to the northward, and who regarded the pale-face intruders with hostile jealousy. His presence there might have been a strong argument in favor of his being in league with the Indians, had it not been for one thing, of which the stranger

was evidently unconscious.

Far back upon his trail, and yet within sight of him, an Indian warrior was dogging his footsteps. He was on foot, yet he managed to maintain the same distance between the horseman and himself that he had gained hours before.

But not conscious of the spy upon his track, the rider pursued his lonely course, occasionally consulting a small pocket-com-

pass to direct his bearings.

Now and then he scanned the clouded sky. He saw the dark gray clouds trooping across the heavens, and with an eager impatience he would apply the whip and rowel to his jaded beast, as if anxious to reach

it was growing darker and darker around him, and unpleasant apprehensions filled his mind. Night was near, yet he was far from the least cover that could afford him

He certainly had underestimated the distance required to complete that day's journey to reach the timber that bordered the western extremity of the plain.

A sense of fear was stealing over him. He was fully satisfied that the night would be one of extreme darkness; and what, with a blinding snow-storm beating around him,

could he do upon that prairie?

He pressed on with all the speed that his jaded animal could muster. There was still a faint hope in his breast that he might run across a motte of timber, one of those cases As he journeyed on, he suddenly found these hopes realized to a certain degree,

one to every square rod of ground. In the gathering twilight they presented a dense form, so thick and close were the stunted and stubby boughs upon them. Yet this sparse growth of "timber" held forth no inviting inducements as a point of shelter. At first he entertained a belief that it was the outskirts of a dense body of timber, but he found on riding on a ways that it soon terminated in the open prairie again. So, riding back among the burr-oaks, he dismounted with the determination of going into camp, for upon examination he had

So, riding back among the burr-oaks, he dismounted with the determination of going into camp, for upon examination he had found that many of the oaks were dead—having been killed by the annual fires that sweep the prairies—and being perfectly dry, would answer the purpose of fuel.

Stripping his animal, he tethered it with a lariat, so that it could crop the grass, which, though dry and brown, was readily eaten by the hungry, jaded beast.

From one of his bundles the traveler now took a roll of canvas, with which he proceeded to erect a tent. This he did in a speedy and novel manner: with a hatchet he trimmed all the branches from one of the oaks, leaving nothing but the body standing. This was to be used as the central pole, and having fastened the canvas around it at the proper distance from the ground, he stretched it out at the lower sides until it resembled a small cone, and fastened its edges down with slender iron pins, driven into the ground. A small opening in one side served as the door, which was covered with a loose "flap" when closed for the night.

His tent completed, the traveler placed all his effects within it, then gathered from the surrounding bushes a goodly quantity of fuel, which he also deposited in his tent.

Before striking a fire, he reconnoitered

Before striking a fire, he reconnoitered his situation, for he could not convince himself that he was entirely free from danger. He found that the wind had suddenly changed from the north-west to the northchanged from the hortin-west to the hortin-east—a freak very common in this high latitude—and now it brought to his ears a sound like the dashing of breakers upon a rocky shore. But the sound was very faint and was driven from his thoughts by a grand spectacle that was revealed before him.

A white curtain seemed to extend from amid the clouds to the earth, resembling a mighty sail crowded to its utmost, at times

bellying almost to the earth.

It required but a single glance to tell the traveler that it was a blinding cloud of snow sweeping across the plain. He could already feel the fine pretiales much big already feel the fine hands and face, and he had barely time to enter his tent and fasten down the door-flap when the sharp click of the snowflakes upon the canvas told that the storm

was upon him. He glanced out through a small rent to see how his horse was taking the driving storm, but the air was so densely filled with the flying scud as to render it totally impossible to distinguish an object a rod

Turning about, he proceeded to strike a fire. He arranged some of the fuel, already procured, in the center of the lodge. Then he took from an inner pocket a match, which he struck and applied to the pile.

A dull, blue light pervaded the gloom of the place, but, as the flames gathered strength, they shot their bright, ruddy rays into every corner of the lodge, and their warm, cheerful glow was felt in every fiber of the wanderer's frame. He removed his scarf, cap and great-coat, and laid them aside. His form and features were now more fully revealed in the ruddy glow of

years of age, and his features were that bright, intelligent expression so characteristic of mental and social culture. His hair and beard were almost black, the latter, however, being of but a few weeks' growth. His eyes were black, sharp and brilliant, but their lids wore a heavy, languid expression that was not natural, but was rather the result of fatigue, watching, and the want of sleep.

And now, as the stranger sat gazing reflectively into the cheerful fire before him, he would fall into a doze from which he would start at every wail of the wind with-out, and stare about him with that wild, terrified look that marks the fear of one who can hear in every noise, however slight, the subdued voice of a detective, the click of a revolver, or the stealthy clasp of handcuffs

But surely that handsome stranger had no such fears. He surely was not a fugitive from the officers of justice, for his was not the face of a criminal. But why did he start, and manifest such restlessness of spirit and uneasiness of mind?

As the moments were on, he finally shook off his emotions of fear and uneasiness, and drawing from among his effects a pair of saddle-bags, he took therefrom some provisions, with which he proceeded to

feast his gnawing hunger.

After his repast had been concluded, he produced a pipe, and for the next hour gave himself up entirely to its companion-

And all this time the snow was falling. He could hear its continuous click upon the sides of his tent, and in several places it was drifting into the lodge under the

CHAPTER II. DOWN AMONG THE DEAD, NIGHT had long since set in, and the gloom and storm were fearful. It was not so very cold, but the snow was damp and heavy, and driving and whirling in every direction in dense clouds.

direction in dense clouds.

The wayfarer kept close by his fire, for a single glance out into the night and storm would send a chill through his frame. But at length the storm began to subside. The wind went down and the snow ceased to fall. Finally the moon, which was in the zenith, burst through the trembling clouds and flooded the plain with its mellow radiance, almost rivaling the light of day.

The man arose, and, opening the door of his tent, went out. A scene of dazzling brightness and glory met his eyes. The whole plain lay wrapt in a spotless robe of

whole plain lay wrapt in a spotless robe of white, to which the moonbeams gave a luster of blinding splendor. So sudden had been the change in the weather, and the appearance of the plain, that the traveler felt that he had been suddenly wafted into a new clime. Not a breath of wind was strring, and, although the air was crisp and breath of the control of the control

bracing, it was not biting cold.

But it was not the plain, nor the dazzling beauty reflected from its mantle of snow that held our friend—if such we may call him—entranced, but the pillars of snow that stood around him. Every burr-oak bush within sight of him was laden with snow. Not a limb or shrub could be seen, but each shrouded bush looked like a hewn shaft of marble, though there was a mystic grandeur about it, with which none but the hand of nature could embellish it.

hand of nature could embellish it.

None of these spotless columns were less than five feet high, and some reached to the hight of ten feet. And while our friend stood within the silent forest of statuary, regarding each shaft with its bright, frosty sparkle, his eyes caught sight of a beautiful arch of snow, a few paces away, that set at defiance all the beauties of the dazzling white columns. But no sooner had he discovered it, than all the beauty faded from what seemed a wonderful freak of the storm, for he at once became cognizant of the fact that his horse was the support of that arch, being too tired and travel-worn that arch, being too tired and travel-worn to shake the icy cover from his back.

Advancing, the master soon brushed the snow from the animal's back and body; then, with his feet he scraped the snow away from around the bush so that the animal could lie upon the grass.

This act of kindness done, the man re-

turned to his tent. He found his fire had burned low, and at once replenished it with fuel. He now began to think of lying down to get a few hours' sleep, the want of which was beginning to tell upon him.

It required but a moment to prepare a couch by spreading his great-coat and a woolen blanket upon the ground, reserving a couple of blankets for covering.

These preparations completed, he was about to remove his boots when his ears

caught a slight sound without.

He bent his head in the attitude of intense listening. He heard his horse pawing the ground with a quick impatience. This, however, he accorded to its dislike of the crunching snow under its feet, and would have thought no more about it, had he not

heard the beast give a loud snort.
This convinced him that all was not right, and, rising, he went out to see what was wrong. He saw his horse standing, with head erect, ears pricked up and nostrils dilated, as if with affright.

Quickly the traveler swept the surrounding prairie but perspanse.

ing prairie, but nowhere upon its white bosom could he see a single object, save the shadows cast by those frail pillars of snow. Still he knew the animal scented danger, but, as nothing was visible, he argued with himself that a hungry wolf must have been skulking thereaways and frightened the horse. With this conviction fully impressed upon his mind, he again sought the cover of his tent and the cheery glow of his fire, only to be called out again, and that immediately, by another and more violent manifestation of affright by his horse.

He was fully satisfied that something was wrong, and he now made a more careful observation of his surroundings. Still he could see nothing but those ghostly shafts and their shadows. One of these columns, however, attracted more than usual attention from the traveler, for it suddenly occurred to him that it was closer to him than when he made his previous observation, and yet he was standing on the very same This seemed not a little singular, but the absurdity of the idea of its really being nearer to him, induced him to believe it was only imagination. And, without giving the column a second glance, he turned and

carefully swept the plain around him.

But, despite his efforts to the contrary, his gaze was drawn back to that pillar of snow by some strange magnetism, and when his eyes rested upon it again, he started with an inward shudder of mysterious terror, for he actually saw the column moving

A fearful realization rushed suddenly across his mind, and to divert his suspicion he bent his gaze in another direction. Just then a solitary cloud flitted across the moon's disk, and trailed its shadow across one of the more distant columns of snow, but, instead of the shadow moving, it seemed to stand still, while the column appeared to be moving toward him. This he knew was not the case, but rather the power of imagery, and again the traveler reasoned with himself that it was upon the same principle that the other column had seemed to move. In order to leave no doubt, whatever, he resolved to advance and knock the snow from the brush that supported it.

It required but a few steps to carry him within reach of it, and then, with his booted foot, he gave the column of snow a heavy

A low cry, as if of pain, issued from the snow pile; the snow was whirled in every direction by arms flung suddenly outward and an Indian warrior, hideous with war paint, stood face to face with the astonish-

paths, stood face to face with the astonished, terror-stricken man.

He saw at once the cause of his horse's uneasiness, and that he was not in error when he imagined he saw the column of snow moving; for it was quite apparent, now, that the cunning savage had permitted the storm to weave a robe of snowflakes around him, and in this manner of disguise had approached his tent. It was a cunning expedient, fully worthy of the subtle brain of an American Indian.

The hand of the savage rested upon the ailt of a knife, and the white man compre-hended his danger at a glance, and, turn-ing, he darted into his tent for a weapon

with which he could defend himself. The red-skin, however, seemed to divine his intention, and, with a fierce war-whoop, sprung after him.

Before the white man could get hold of

ground beneath them gave way, and, amid a cloud of dust and dirt, they sunk down into the black depths of what seemed a hid-

den cavern.

The white man felt the savage tear loose from his grasp. He heard a low cry of sudden terror, mingled with the rattling of dirt above him. He knew, then, that the savage had broken away, and was climbing out at the hole through which they had fallen. This unexpected termination of his attack had filled him with terror, and before the white could regain his feet, the crafty foe had made his escape from the pit.

It required but a moment for our friend

It required but a moment for our friend to gain a true knowledge of his situation. Fully one-half of the ground floor of his tent had fallen in, and he was standing on the bottom of a pit over ten feet deep. All of his bundles, his weapons, and half of his camp-fire, had been precipitated in a confused mass into the hole; and the first thing he did was to secure the smoldering fire-brands from among his effects, place them in a heap at one side, and kindle them into a blaze. This occupied but a minute, and, as the flames grew larger and larger, and threw out their beams of light, he startled with an exclamation of surprise

with an exclamation of surprise.

He found he was standing in a cavern, whose extremities were lost in the darkness far beyond, and whose walls showed the rude handiwork of man.

The passage was narrow and about six feet high, and its walls testified to its having been cut through a strata of limestone. But, nowhere within sight of where he stood, did the earth above the passage appear to be as thin as the spot whereon stood his tent. stood his tent.

And now, as he gazed around him, all fears of danger departed. Something in this cavern filled his mind with that fascination which draws one on, even into unknown regions amid unknown dangers, to gratify a curiosity that is irresistible.
Under the influence of this fascination,

our traveler took up a torch and set off to explore the cavern. As he advanced he noticed that there were numerous niches in the wall, and in one or two of these he found a stone hatchet, some arrow-heads of flint, and other things that satisfied him the cavern was the work of a people of a remote period. Continuing on, he suddenly ran across a human skeleton, that caused him to start with the feeling which one experiences when he unconsciously treads upon a grave. Without a doubt, he was an intruder in the catacomb of the dead who may have lived far back in an age coeval with the Mastodon.

But it was too late to turn back now. The adventurer's curiosity was gaining strength, and he pushed on. But he was again brought to a sudden halt by another sight. It was that of the figure of a man, of the Indian race, seated in one of those little niches in the walls. His hands rested upon his legs, and his head was thrown back against the wall in an attitude of repose. He was entirely naked, and, in the glare of the adventurer's torch, his complexion appeared to be of a dusky, ashen hue. By his side lay a tomahawk, knife and stone hatchet. He appeared to be seated there asleep, but, when our friend called to him several times without arousing him, he saw that he was not possessed of life but convinced himself that it was an image of stone-left there to guard the dead.

The adventurer advanced closer to ex amine the grim figure more closely. He stopped and bent over it. There was something so lifelike in its appearance, that he could not resist the temptation of putting out his hand and touching it. A cry of horror burst from his lips as he did so, for, simultaneous with the touch of his finger, a current of air sucked through the cavern

and the figure crumbled to dust!
What a mystery! There, for centuries perhaps, had that warrior sat, a mere handful of dust, retaining a lifelike semblance, waiting only for the touch of the adventurer's finger and that faint breath of air to

destroy it forever.
What next? The adventurer asked him self the question; then, holding his torch above his head, he peered forward into the

He started violently. His eyes fell upon something that started from out the gloom toward him — something that sent the blood in icy currents through his veins.

It was an animal-a huge monster, not unlike the hooded serpent, with the rough. scaly folds of a fish. The great angular head, with its dark cowl, its open jaws and long, yellow tusks, was thrust upward almost to the top of the cavern. It stood in the middle of the passage, as if to dispute the further intrusion of the adventurer within the silent precincts of that ancient

The stranger had no desire to advance closer to the monstrous creature, for, as the rays of his torch, wavering and flickering in the currents of air that was drawing through the cavern, fell across the scaly monster, they told him that it was aquiver with life!

> CHAPTER III. OLD SOLITARY.

THE time and scene of our story changes. It is autumn in all the fullness of its wondrous glory—the poet's ideal of this witching season. The forests still retain their livery of green and russet, and the broad, ping prairies lie clothed in their mottled hues of emerald and brown. rivers and brooks are flowing on undisturbed by the icy hand of the frost king Balmy zephyrs drift lazily and languidly across the plain, and ruffle, with invisible fingers, the dappled robes of the wildwood monarchs.

Voices are heard in the depths of the wilderness and upon the boundless ocean of prairie. But they are those mysterious voices of nature that come, as it were, from out the realms of Nowhere, thrilling the breast of man with the soul of romance and the mystic glories of the material uni-

Within its environs of brown hills and wooded banks Silver Lake lay like a great bed of molten silver, with the blue heavens reflected in its glassy depths. Flocks of wild geese, ducks and snow-white swans sported upon its bosom with as little fear as though its echoes had never been broken by the footsteps of man, nor shocked by the crack of a rifle.

From the northern extremity of this lake dense woods extended away for miles and miles, while from the southern shore a broad expanse of prairie rolled away for weary leagues into the hazy distance.

The wooded shore was rough and preand water-elms. These trees and bushes, courting the light and freedom of the open ing, had grown outward over the lake, and while their tops had shot upward again, their under foliage had grown downward until now, in many places, the limbs trailed in the water. Under this green archway sported troops of muskrats, beavers and ot-ters. At the southern side of the lake the banks, low and marshy, were lined with a dense growth of tall reeds and aquatic plants that extended several rods out into the lake, Through this forest of reeds the otters and other animals had cut clean passages, which crossed and recrossed each

other like the thoroughfares of a great

Near the close of day, toward the latter part of September, Silver Lake lay as tranquil, with flocks of fowls sporting upon its surface, as it had lain all day; and had a traveler happened there, he must have felt the exultation of an explorer, for there was nothing to indicate that the solitude of that lake had ever been broken by man. But whatever his feelings may have been upon a first impression, he soon would have been compelled to curb them; for, had his ever competed to curb them; for, had his eyes been fixed upon the western shore near the southern edge of the woods, he would have seen a white puff of smoke shoot out from a clump of bushes, and, almost simultaneously, he would have heard the heavy report of a rifle come sharply across the

Then, as a thousand wings beat the air, as the fowls arose from the water and as the fowns arose from the water and circled away with screams and cries of afright, the observer would have seen a small canoe, with a single occupant, shoot out from the shadow of the western shore and head directly toward a wild goose that lay beating the water in its death-threes.

The occupant of that canoe was an Indian warrior. He was painted and plumed in all the paraphernalia of the savage costume, and was armed with a heavy rifle of superior finish and caliber, a side toma-hawk and scalping-knife. He was a noble specimen of his race, tall and well proportioned, with eyes like those of the hawk. His movements were easy and graceful, and as he drove his canoe outward into the lake, he plied the paddle with such skill

that scarcely a sound was made.

It required but a few strokes to carry the feathery craft within reach of the dead goose, and reaching out, the Indian lifted it into the canoe.

A smile of joy swept over his bronzed face, when, upon examination, he found his bullet had pierced the brain of the fowl, a feat of marksmanship, considering the dis tance, worthy of the praise of a Boone or a

Heading his canoe to the west, he soon ran in under cover of the drooping foliage from whence he first appeared, and was lost to view.

Then followed another silence, only to be soon broken, however, by the footsteps of a white man, who came from the woods, and pausing on the bank, gazed out over

He was a man whose general appearance was calculated to enlist more than a passing notice, for he was a personage whose equal was seldom met with upon the bor-

He was a man who bore the weight of fifty years as lightly as a youth of twenty. In fact, there was nothing to indicate to one that Old Solitary, the Hermit Trapper, had seen two-score and ten winters but the few threads of silver among his dark-brown hair. He measured nearly seven feet in his moccasins, and was built otherwise in proportion to his hight. Muscular and sinewy, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, he was a Hercules in point of strength, and was a Hercules in point of strength, and agile and supple as the panther. His face was well covered with a rough, brushy beard, that was faded by the sun and tobacco-juice. His features were rough and angular, but wore a pleasant expression. His eyes were of a dark-gray color, keen as the hawk's, mild and innocent as an infant's, but withal, you could see the soul of rollicking mischief lurking within their depths, ready to burst forth in that vein so characteristic of this noted woodman.

He was dressed in a garb made after a style of his own, for oddity was one of his occuliarities, and he had a strong aversion o every thing tending toward the Indian

Around the shoulders was a cape of stiff, heavy elk-hide, and to this was attached equally around the edge, innumerable narrow strips of ribbons of some strong fabric, that reached to his knees. These being distributed equally around his body, were confined at the waist by a leather belt.

Beneath this gown of ribbons, he wore a woolen shirt and buck-skin trowsers protection to the cloth, the sleeves of the former were encircled in a spiral form by a narrow strip of buck-skin, sewed to the

But what was most peculiar about his dress was its colors. Every thing, with the exception of his cap and moccasins, had been dyed a pale green hue. This he had done to avert a contrast of color while in the forest, and to blend his own form as much as possible with the green leaves and foliage. To this was owing much of his success as a trapper, for the beaver and deer, and also the Indian, could not detect his presence so readily, when the eye alone was depended upon.

He carried no weapons that were visible, with the exception of a long, heavy rifle, whose neatness showed the pride of its owner. A large powder-horn was strung at his side by means of a strap passing over his left shoulder.

The old trapper may have had other weapons about his person, but then he was one of the few of his class who did not believe courage and the power of intimidat ing an enemy, lay altogether in an ostenta-tious display of knives and pistols. This he had found, in a great measure by experience, and although he made no personal boast of his courage, great strength and the fear with which he knew the Indians regarded him, he was fully aware of his sucess as a trapper, and the characteristics that had made him so popular.

As had become consistent with his nature through force of habit and long life amid the dangers of the wilderness, he made a careful survey of the borders of the lake, to make sure that no lurking red-skin was about. Finding the coast clear, he stepped down to the water's edge and began moving

around the lake, with cautious step.

As he neared a clump of willows overcry suddenly issued from its depths. sound was followed by a plashing in the wahis revolver, the savage grasped him. He turned and grappled with the red foe. To-cipicous, and densely fringed with willows the noises, Old Solitary glided to the hunting-grounds of thy fathers in

into the bushes, and in a few minutes appeared on the opposite side, with a lifeless beaver in his hand.

"Tickle my scalp," the old hunter said to himself, a habit which invariably forces it-

himself, a habit which invariably forces itself upon one who has no companion but
his own thoughts; "petry pickin' promises
to be good this fall. But then it's been a
splendid year for fecundation, and it's no
more'n I prophesied; for business 'll be
good this fall; but then thar's one thing
that I've noticed in the thirty years that I've
been huntin' and trappin', and that is,
whenever and wherever petries are plenty,
scalps are too—that is, the red-skins and
white-skins will contend for the same white-skins will contend for the same ground, and the result will be contention for each other's ha'r. Now, like as not, thar will be a pack of loafin' variets 'round this lake afore long, and if they do come, thar'll be a muss. I haven't lived here fifteen years, to vacate at sight of a pack of ornery Ingins. No, sir'ee! Atwixt me and the great Giver of Life, I'll never quit these diggin's while my scalp's over a warm skull. But whar's the use of borrowin' trubble? Thar may not be a single red-skin come about. I hope thar won't enny come, for it might go hard on the settlers down at Mound Prairie. Hullo! tickle my scalp if

it isn't an otter, this time."

The last remark was induced by seeing an otter in one of his traps.

Securing the animal, he reset the trap and moved to the next. In the course of an hour he had visited all the traps set around the lake, and with the animals caught, he began retracing his footsteps toward the

He moved with a step as light and elastic as a youth, and the long strides which the length of his limbs enabled him to make, soon carried him to the summit of a bold, wooded hill overlooking the lake. Here he stopped, and turning, ran his dark-gray eyes over the lake, upon whose glassy bosom the shadows of evening were lengthening. From the lake, he bent his gaze southward and swept the great prairie, that seemed like a mighty ocean charmed to sleep, when its billows were rolling high. Not an object was visible on its bosom, and turning his gaze, he swept the dark, green woods on the opposite side of the little lake.

Here his keen eye caught sight of a thin

wreath of smoke drifting up from among the tree-tops, and an expression of surprise and curiosity swept over his face on making

the discovery.
Some one, he knew, was in the timber, and had gone into camp. It might be only a solitary hunter, and then he thought that his worst fears were about to be realized, and that it was a party of Indians come to hunt and trap about the lake. Then again, he thought it might be possible that it was a party of settlers from the settlement, a few miles east of the lake, come over to spend a few days hunting and fishing, as they had been in the habit of doing occa-sionally. At any rate, Old Solitary resolved to know whether that smoke arose from the camp of a friend or an enemy, just as soon as he could deposit his game at the cabin;

and turning, he hurried on.

In a few minutes he came in sight of his cabin. It was a structure of no mean dimensions, built entirely of logs and covered with clapboards. It was situated on a bold eminence entirely devoid of vegetation, and commanded a good view of the valleys

A stone chimney was one of the accommodations of this solitary abode, and the old trapper was not a little surprised to see a dense column of blue smoke rolling from its top. He was satisfied that he had left no fire on the hearth, and so it argued strongly that some one had taken possession

Hurrying up the hill, he approached the hut, opened the door and strode into the

To his surprise and indignation he saw a powerful savage warrior seated before a roaring fire on the hearth, smoking with as much calm and stoical indifference as though he had been seated in his own lodge. And what seemed the most singular piece of impudence to the old trapper, the savage

A single glance around the room, told our old friend that the savage had been taking great liberties with his things. Some traps, an ax and hatchet, and other articles that he had left, he saw were gone, and he was satisfied the Indian had taken them, for some purpose, in which there was a hidden

meaning.

As the old trapper continued his gaze about the room to see how far the savage's liberties had extended, his eyes fell upon his couch of skins in one corner of the apartment, and his heart gave a great throb, and his eyes glittered like steel, at what he discovered there.
(To be continued.)

The Rock Rider:

THE SPIRIT OF THE SIERRA. A TALE OF THE THREE PARKS. BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,

AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "THE KNIGHT OF THE RUBIES," "DOUBLE-DEATH," ETC., ETC. CPAPTER VII.

THE CAVERN OF DEATH.

THE shades of evening had gathered over the Sierra, and the Indians were gone from the pass where Black Wolf had been killed, when the cautious click of the mule's hoofs figure of the Rock Rider made its appear ance at the summit of the gorge. In a moment more he came trotting slowly down the pass, with the fearful pale face on the round shield gleaming through the dark-

There, in the midst of the gorge, lay the dead warrior, pinned to the ground by the unerring lance of the weird stranger, his sightless eyes glaring up at the stars in the evening sky, all alone.

His companions had left him, an unusual thing with Indians, who are scrupulous to carry off their dead on most occasions. The Rock Rider went up to the lance,

still standing in the ground, and muttered: "Another life gone, another victim to his own crimes. Oh, children of the prairie, how often would I have forgiven ye my wrongs, but ye would keep on at the foul task of murder and rapine. Black Wolf in name and nature, thou shouldst thank me that saved thee from the gallows-tree, and set

peace, and thy head shall be honored by a place in the Cavern of Death. As he spoke, he wrenched away the spear from its place, and stuck it again in the ground. Then he stooped down from the saddle, with a long knife in his hand, with which he made but a single slash at the

neck of the dead Indian.

In another moment he was up again, and dangling from his hand was seen a human

He replaced the knife in his girdle, pluck-

the replaced the kille in his girdle, plucked up the spear once more, and set upon the point the gnastly tropby.

"It is finished," muttered the Rock Rider.

"God receive thy soul, and cleanse it from evil in the purifying flames of purgatory."

The strange being turned away his mule, and rode and he have seeing the very dealer. and rode up the pass again, the round dark head on the spear-point relieved against the

The tramp of the gaunt mule echoed up the gorge to the summit, when mule and rider turned into a black canon and disap-

Minutes passed away in total silence, when the tramp was again heard, this time on the summit of the cliffs.

Presently the two dark figures appeared against the sky, with the terrible trophy of death at the end of the spear. The Rock Rider and his gaunt steed appeared to tread on air at times, so closely did they approach the edge of the precipices, and then they went bounding over chasms, and stepping from point to point of needle-like pinnacles, till they both reached a broad slope that seemed to climb to the summit of a lofty peak, which was furrowed here and there

with deep, black ravines. Into one of these ravines both jumped, and drew up before the entrance of the same cavern whence they had started a few

hours before.

Then the deep voice of the Rock Rider

"Cato! Cato! Where are you, imbecile?" A faint, stuttering voice was heard from the gorge behind, some distance from the black mouth of the cave.

"Here, marse cappen. Oh! bress de Lord, you isn't dead, and po' Cato isn't luff alone fo'ever! Oh, bress de Lord, marse

Then the hurrying steps of the negro were heard up the gorge, and he came running out of the darkness to hold his master's

"How is this, Cato?" demanded the Rock Rider, sternly. "Why have you left your post in the Cavern of Death?"

"Oh, marse cappen," began Cato, shivering, "I done gone in dar once, but oh, marse cappen, 'twas anful, sah, anful! De heads dey groan, and de debbil he be at work at dem, shuah, for po' Cato hear 'em a-groanin' an' talkin' to each oder; yes, marse cappen, so he did now, shuah, and I isn't no liar, sah." "Fool," said the Rock Rider, harshly.

"Twas but the wind groaning through the crevices. Go in and light the fire on the altar, for I have found a fresh guest for the Cavern of Death." Cato dropped on his knees trembling, and

ejaculated:
"Oh, marse cappen, honey sweet marse cappen, don't you make me go in dar, sah! De debbil in dar, shuah, for I hear um scut-De debbit in dar, shuah, for I hear um scuttering roun' dar quite lively, so I did, sah. Don't you go for to make me do no sich t'ings, marse cappen, or fo' God, I isn't gwine to— Yah-h-h-h!"

He ended with a howl that might have been heard a mile, as the Rock Rider, without a word, lowered the ghastly head on the point of the lance till the cold flesh touched.

point of the lance, till the cold flesh touched

with a whip, yelling louder than ever, but his master cut him short sternly.
"Into the cavern, fool! Am I to wait all night? Quick, or I will call forth the

spirits to seize thee." The last threat appeared to decide Cato. for he scudded into the cavern at a rapid pace, and the Rock Rider slowly dismounted from his mule and turned the animal loose, when it walked into the cave after the

Presently a faint red light glimmered from the interior, and almost immediately it was followed by a fearful howl from Cato, as some black thing dashed past him, and ran out of the cavern. As quick as thought the long knife of the

Rock Rider was out, and he made a bold cut at the dark object as it shot by him.

A sort of agonized yell, instantly stifled, followed; and a dead wolf lay at the feet of the solitary, while Cato came running out, howling:
"See, dolt," said the Rock Rider, fiercely.
"Nothing but a coyote, and thou hast let him into the sanctuary. Back and light

the flame, or I'll cast thee over the cliffs into the valley. Quick, I say!"

Again Cato entered the cavern, this time very slowly and unwillingly. Thrice he returned, and thrice did his master drive

him in by threats.

At last he dashed desperately in, saying: "Well den, marse cappen, if I'se a de nigger to-morrow mornin', 'tain't my fault In a few moments more the same red

glimmering flame was seen in the interior of the cave, and not till then did the Rock He followed the climmer of that flame through a long, winding cavern full of side recesses, in one of which the sound of the mule's teeth munching at fodder, was plainly audible. Ahead was a low archway in the

solid rock, and beyond it stood a cubical block of stone, on the summit of which burned a bright flame, that seemed to illuminate a second cavern.

Into this light emerged Cato, hurrying desperately toward the entrance of the cavern, with an expression of ghastly fear on his black face.

But the sight of his terrible master coming toward him, holding out on the pre-sented spear the grinning head of the Indian warrior, seemed to quench all desire in Cato to go further in that direction. The negro recoiled to the side of the altar, where he fell on his knees, the picture of abject terror; and slowly the Rock Rider entered the Cavern of Death.

It was well named. A large, round cavern, with a lofty roof. the light of the fire was insufficient to illuminate the intense blackness of darkness that brooded over every side and the ceil-

ing, out of its influence.

The stone altar was made of a single white stalagmite, fashioned by the hand of man into its present shape; and the faint drip, drip of water at long intervals in the recesses of the cavern announced that others

Out of the black darkness overhead white, ghostly forms leaned down, which were nothing but stalactites, and out of the darkness around a troop of pale statues seemed flitting, under the flickering light of the

But around the altar itself was the most

shastly assembly of all.
Standing erect, leaning against white stalagmites, and apparently as fresh as if just killed, a row of human bodies, all headless, met the view, dressed in the costume of least marriers. On the ground before Indian warriors. On the ground before each of them lay the head which had belonged to it in life, plumed and painted as if on the war-path, and the weapons of each, all firearms, lay beside the heads.

The Rock Rider stepped into the circle, and drove the butt of the spear into a crevice of the rock, while the head remained grinning aloft, when the strange being ad-

grinning aloft, when the strange being addressed the motionless circle.

He leaned the round shield against the altar, where the pale face remained staring up at him, and spoke in his deep, powerfu

voice:
"Warriors and chiefs, once owners of this broad continent, I bring a fresh guest for your circle to-night. The black buzzard of the prairie flew to the mountain to-day and hovered above my head, and I knew from the voice of the wind that death was coming to the Sierra. Chiefs and warriors, ye know how the Rock Rider has hated blood, and how often he has been compelled blood, and how often he has been compelled to shed it. Tell me only where my little one has gone, and the red-man shall roam free of the Rock Rider's spear. Refuse, and I must e'en go on with my task, till the last chief of your tribes has fallen to avenge

the death of my beloved one."

Then the wild being took up the shield and held it aloft, so that the face was slow-

ly turned around the circle.
"Look at them, beloved," said the Rock Rider, in a strange tone of joy. "If vengeance belonged to man, have I not avenged thee? See the form of the Coiling Snake, the same that struck thee, my own. I met him in fair fight, with the lance of a tru knight against the stolen rifle of the pale face, and he went down. I remembered thee, and offered him life, if he would tell me where he had hidden our little one. But the red liar said that he knew not, and I slew him. One by one they have fallen. Comanche, Cheyenne, Arapahoe, and the tiger of the South, the cruel Apache. See where they stand, awaiting the resurrection. I slew them like men, and they died like wolves. And now I bring thee the worst of all, Black Wolf."

He laid down his shield as he make and He laid down his shield as he spoke, and

detached the head of the slain warrior from He held it up and addressed the silent

circle once more. "Chiefs and warriors, behold Black Wolf, the Comanche chief. He was a coward and a murderer of women. Not many moons ago he led a party to swoop down on a peaceful cottage. He brained the child in its cradle, and slew the mother, when the father was away. Like the wolf he ravened. Like the wolf he died, impaled. His body lies in the pass, to fatten the buzzard and the crow. His is fit com-pany for wicked chiefs and warriors until ye repent. Let him lie there till the trum-pet sounds."

He laid the head down in the center of the circle, and then turned to Cato, saying:
"Old servant and friend, we have finished for to-night, and the Rock Rider must away again. Death is around us, for the night-hawk screams in the valley. Cato, the time is coming when we shall find her for I saw her in my dreams twice last night. God knows I would not slay more if I could, but they would not heed my com-mand. The red wolves are in the valley to destroy the white strangers, and I must save them. 'Tis no sin to take life to save a better life. Come."

He took up the shield and lance as he spoke, and stalked from the cavern into the

Cato had been kneeling there, shivering, all the while, his lips moving, as if he was praying for safety, his eyes fixed on va-The negro was fairly benumbed

with superstitious terror. As the Rock Rider turned to depart, the poor darkey uttered a deep groan of relief, which was distinctly echoed from the back of the cavern. Cato's wool bristled up on his head. He leaped to his feet, cast a single terrified glance round him, and rushed from the inner cavern to where his master was standing, watching the gaunt mule

There the negro fell on his knees, and

clung to the other's skirts, crying: "Oh, marse cappen! Sweet, good marse cappen, don't go fur to leave Cato dis night, when dat murderin' red nigger 'll be coming roun', shuah, to look for um head! marse cappen, wait fur de mornin'! done go an' bruk you' neck, you will, shuah an' I'se gwine to be luff all alone, fur dem ghostesses to ketch. I'se no coward, marse cappen, you know dat's well's I, but dem ghostesses dem skeers de life out of po Cato, and you comes home an' him dead some o' dese days, an' all de ghostesses runnin' off wid um heads unner um arms, shuah. An' maybe um take Cato 'long wid dem. Oh-h-h-h''

He ended with a prolonged shivering groan, completely overcome at the thought.

The Rock Rider addressed him with

much more kindness than usual. Come with me, Cato," he said, " and I will show thee why I must go.'

Cato followed willingly enough, keeping fast hold of his master's skirt, and the Rock Rider led the way down a side passage of the cave till the faint glimmer of starlight ahead of them warned them that they were approaching another exit.

They came out on the mountain-side, looking down a precipice into a small val-ley opposite to the South Park.

The whole valley was dotted with camp-fires, and groups of painted and plumed warriors moved about between them.

The Apaches are there, Cato," said the "They do not come Rock Rider, gravely. all the way from Mexico for naught. The Comanches are coming by the other pass, and there are four white men in the valley Have two tribes united thus for naught? Come with me.

Cato followed silently back through the cave, till they emerged in full view of the

South Park. At that very moment the brilliant stars of a bursting rocket showed over a gap in the Sierra on the opposite side of the yalley, and the Rock Rider started, with the exclamation:

I have it at last. 'Tis a train from the northern forts, and the tribes have heard of its coming. Fool that I was not to think

of it before! Now, indeed, I must away, Cato. In yonder train, perhaps, are women and children, and they must be saved. The mule, quick!"

Cato made no more objections now. Perhaps he thought himself safer where he was, than following his master.
In a few minutes more the gaunt mule

was on its way down the mountain, and Cato took his seat at the mouth of the ravine, muttering:

"I isn't gwine to go in dar till mornin' Marse cappen may be crazy, but dis nigger knows whar him best place is, an' he don't stir a peg, ef all de ghostesses runs away wid um heads all night."

CHAPTER VIII.

YAKOP. WE must return to Carl Brinkerhoff, who left the tree of rendezvous on perhaps the most laudable errand of the three parties, in search of his faithful dog, Yakop.

The cautious and phlegmatic German was also the best suited of the three to the position in which he found himself, for he was

magnificent shot, with nerves like iron. He walked quietly away toward a part of the valley where there was plenty of cover, and secured himself a way of retreat to th mountains before he did any thing else Then he seated himself at the foot of a tree lrew from his pocket a small whistle, and ounded three short notes upon it.

That done, he leaned back against the

trunk of the tree, and waited patiently.

He had not so very long to wait. Before ten minutes were up, there was an eager bustling through the grass; and Yakop, panting as from a long run, came up to his master and licked his hand.

Then the dog sat down and looked up in Carl's face, as if waiting to be interrogated. Brinkerhoff commenced the catechism with perfect gravity, and really seemed to understand Yakop as well as the dog did him.

"Yakop," he began, "haf you seen de Injuns, mein hund?"
"Wuff," answered Yakop.

"Wuff," answered Yakop.
"Vos dere many of dem 'round dere, Yakop? Nein. I knows you dostn't talk mosh, mein hund. You says 'yah' oder 'nein,' and das ist all. Say, vos dere swanzig, (twenty) Yakop?"
"Wuff," answered Yakop.
"Vos dere dreissig, (thirty) Yakop?"
Yakop shook his head and growled.
"Ah ha! Between swansig and dreissig. Das ist genug, Yakop. Now, mein leiber hund, s'pose you show me vere dey is. You knows de vay, I s'pose; hey, Yakop?"
"Wuff," said Yakop, joyfully, and the two set forth together toward the Indian camp, where they arrived just about the same time that Gustave Belcour tried his

time that Gustave Belcour tried his ventriloquial tricks. Brinkerhoff witnessed the arrival of Red Lightning from his scout, and noted the consternation caused by the mysterious voice in the branches of the tree. He sat by, laughing heartily and silently, as he saw the Indians firing up into the branches, and climbing up to search the tree; for, unlike them, he could see Belcour stealing off.

But he noticed that the Indians did not remain dupes of the tree trick long, for, after a short search, they came down and rushed for their horses, feeding in a hollow beyond. Carl, lying down on the side of an adjacent knoll, saw them ride slowly away toward the east, as the first flush of dawn tipped the peaks of the Sierra.

Then the sweeping white mist began to rise, thicker and thicker, and every thing was shut out from his view.

But where the eye of man was at fault, the scent of the dog proved a guide. Preceded by Yakop, Brinkerhoff set out to k toward the lonely of rendezvous, rifle in hand, ready for action.

CHAPTER IX. THE COUSINS.

AFTER the departure of Gustave Belcour and Carl Brinkerhoff from the tree of ren-dezvous, Somers and Buford remained for some time near each other, conversing in vhispers, and watching intently. sleeny influences of the night, and the anparent absence of all danger, speedily overcame their endeavors to keep awake.

First one, then the other, began to nod,

and finally both of them fell back on the grass, and snored peacefully, in blissful unconsciousness of danger.

As good luck would have it, no harm came to them in consequence. Their abode perfectly sheltered, and the Indians had entered the valley in the dark, so that there was no present danger of discovery. The first peep of dawn awoke both, and

they instinctively started up full of apprehension, only to find themselves ingulfed in a white sea of mist. Not a sound was to be heard where they were, except the occasional snort of a horse under the tree.

"I say, Jack," quoth Buford, presently, why shouldn't we set out as well as those two other fellows? I don't believe those Indians amount to much, after all said.'

"I'm game," responded the Kentuckian (Somers was a "Blue Grass" man), "if you are. I was just thinking that it wouldn't do to let those two foreigners do all the work, and come home to blow about it I'm good for twenty-four Indians, if they don't pop me over before I get through my But what can you do, old fellow You never were very famous for shooting

'I don't believe in shooting on horse-ck," said Buford, gravely. "I've seen back," said Buford, gravely. too many shots thrown away in that man ner. Here's something worth all your pis tols in a melee, if a man knows how to use

And the Virginian tapped his saber as he spoke. It was his pet weapon, and he was the only one in the party who carried one, simply because he was a first-class swordsman and rider.

Somers grinned. It was an old matter of argument between him and his cousin. "You can keep your old saber," he said. 'What'll you do with it if you get shot

down at twenty yards?" I shall not get shot at twenty yards, k," said the Virginian, quietly. "I've tried the experiment before this, and I've seen your fellows turn tail before ours in a charge, not because ours were braver, but because we had drawn sabers, and your

pistols were empty."
"I can shoot a bullet into each telegraph pole in a line, at full gallop," began Somers, a little boastfully, but Buford checked him. "You may, perhaps, Jack," he said; but Indians are poor shots at best. Come, don't let's blow our own trumpets. I be-lieve in the pistol, inside of six feet, in a gallop, but only as a reserve. Come, will you mount?"

"Ay, by Jove!" said Jack, and they led out their horses, bridled them, and saw every thing into its place. Belcour's and Brinkerhoff's horses were left under the oak tree—an exceedingly careless proceeding, but exactly in keeping with the rash-

ness of the whole party of young madeaps.

Both of the cousins were splendidly mounted on blooded horses, able to run a four-mile race on very good time, and it was this very fact that had emboldened them to compact reshares. them to so much rashness.

Jack Somers carried two revolvers in his belt, and two more *in his boots*, a favorite and convenient Southern plan of bearing weapons. Buford, on the contrary, had his pistols in the holsters of his saddle, and only bore on his person a long cavalry saber which he had sharpened to a razor like edge and now carried in a leathern scabbard.

They rode off into the mist just as the light began to gild the tips of the Sierra, which they could faintly see gleaming through the white clouds above them, with a rosy radiance inexpressibly lovely. The trees were invisible until close by, when they loomed out with startling suddenness

like ghosts in the fog.

Jack Somers rode headlong into the mid dle of a pool before he saw it, and when he turned his horse to go out, a thick wall of mist swooped down, and before he knew where he was, he found himself separated from his companion, and all alone.

This was sufficiently puzzling, as there were no means of finding the true direction in such a fog. The imprudent Kentuckian, heedless of danger, began to call out:

"Frank! Frank! where the deuce are

"Here," cried the voice of his cousin, some way off. "Don't make such a noise; there are Indians about; shut up."
"Indians be hanged!" shouted the reckless youth; "I'm game for all the Indians

Crack! came a rifle out of the mist on the other side, and the dull red flash shone through the white cloud for an instant. The bullet flew far wide of the mark, having been only fired by guess-work; but the crack of Somers' revolver heralded a shot that was aimed straight for the place where

the flash had been.

It was answered by nearly twenty red flashes from different points, and even by guess-work as it was, the balls whistled dis-agreeably close. Then, as if by magic, a gust of wind came down from the Sierra, the sun showed his fiery disk between the peaks, and the mist began to thin and rise up under the influence of his beams.

And then it was that Somers saw a long line of mounted figures, in open order coming through the mist like ghosts, and heard a fierce yell as they perceived him. The next moment they swept forward at full speed upon him, a line of painted savages, on horses spotted like leopards, scarlet plumes and blankets waving, weapons glittering in the sun, and bright sabers

in the hands of more than half of them. He saw all this in an instant, and then he drove the spurs into his horse, and away he went across the front of their line, heading for the middle of the valley. As he turned, he caught sight of Frank Buford, also at full speed, but on the other side of the In-dians, with a single chief on a horse spotted

like a jaguar, in full pursuit.

Such a scampering over the valley as ensued Jack never forgot. The Indians, flogging their spirited little horses to full speed, sent shot after shot at the single fugitive fired wildly, and doing little damage, but trying their best to cut Jack off from his refuge, and hem him in between them and the

But for the superior swiftness of his horse Somers would have been in an awkward brush past the left hand warrior within ten feet, dropping him with a pistol bullet as he passed, his first shot.

After that he was comparatively safe, for the racing speed of his thoroughbred ani mal quickly distanced the small horses of Indeed they soon dropped the Comanches. the pursuit, and turned away after Frank Buford, whom Somers perceived at a little distance off, turning round to charge his

solitary pursuer.

They were several hundred yards from the rest, in an open glade, shut in on every side by live-oak trees, with a little pool in Frank Buford, having reached the front. end of this glade, had turned back; and as Somers looked, he met the chief on the jaguar-spotted steed in full career. were armed with sabers, and they met

For a moment there was a clash and a glitter, and then the horses went circling round, while Red and White cut and hewed at each other. But the combat did not last long. Somers could see that Frank was playing with the Indian, who knew nothing of the proper use of a weapon like the sword. The other Comanches were coming rapidly up, when Buford suddenly pressed his horse close to that of the Indian

Red Lightning made an effort to cut him down, but the raising of his arm proved his ruin. As the chief's blade went up, Buford delivered a tierce point (in fencers phrase) right at the Indian, and Red Light ning threw up his arms, and fell back off his horse. Then Somers saw no more, for, with a vengeful yell, the Comanches bor down on Buford, and the Kentuckian put spurs to his horse, and galloped down to aid his cousin against the fearful odds that surrounded him in the glade. enced in No. 145.)

Treatment of the Hair .- Gray hairs sell for a cent apiece. Hair-dressers inquire of their customers for them, and beg that they may be saved from the combs in dressin Gray hair is the most expensive and difficult to obtain. There is now a strong mo tive for young women to cultivate the in moments of difficulty may be worth a dowry to them. Mothers are warned against cutting their children's hair too often. it is of good thickness at first, scissors should not be touched to the head; cutting makes the hair grow thicker but coarser. quent brushing while the hair is of mode-rate length, and washing once a week with teaspoonful of liquid ammonia in a large bowlful of warm water, is the best treat ment possible. Keep it done up loosely, so that the air can move through the hair freely. If any stimulant is required, half an ounce of dry ammonia, rubbed into a pint of olive oil, is the finest dressing to be made, surpassing bay rum and any mixture of spirits and oil. This dressing prevents hair from turning gray, if any thing will do so, and urges its growth.

WHEN THE WHITE SWAN.

BY ST. ELMO.

When the white swan spreads its sail, When the evining breezes pale, When the ripples of the lake Murmur softly neath the brake; An, 'tis then I think of thee, And thy sylph-like form I see; Though the vision fades and dies, Still I seem to see those eyes.

When the morning star grows pale, And the dewdrops in the vale Cast afar their silver light, And disrobe the shades of night; Then my spirit longs for thee, But, alas, it must not be, Never can I claim thee mine, But must bow to mis'ry's shrine.

When the white swan skims the lake, And the crystal waters break Softly on the purple shore, With a gentle, soothing roar; Then my heart is full of woe. For my spirit longs to know If she ever thinks of one Who her dark-eyed beauty won?

Jocelyne's Engagements.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

SHE sat on a low hassock in front of the glowing sea-coal fire, whose ruddy light lent softest blushes to her cheeks, and displayed, in more magical shades than any artificial flames could have done, the classic outlines of her head and face, the dazzling fairness of her complexion, the exquisite hue of her purple-blue eyes, and the pristine beauty of her yellow-gold hair.

She was very pretty, very graceful and ladylike, but her attitude, as she sat before the fire, on the little low hassock, her chin esting on her hand, spoke plainly that if Jocelyne Mayburg was pretty and graceful,

she was not very conceited Just now, Miss Jocelyne Mayburg was self-communing on a remarkably interest ing subject; and the subject was twofold and inseparable; in plainer terms, Jocelyne was thinking of love and—Alfred Syming-

A moment before and Jocelyne had asked her wayward little self a plain, direct question; and, instead of answering it as boldly as she had put it, she sat, blushing and trembling, and feeling quite confused, all by her-

Did she love handsome Alf? Would she prefer him, on a salary of two thousand a year, to Mr. Eliphalet Dixon, the wealthy Wall street broker, who called so often to see her, although he took very good care to inquire of the pompous footman at the door Mrs. Symington, instead of Miss May burg, who was only companion to Mrs. Symington, Alf's great aunt, with whom he arded since his return from the German

Mr. Dixon indeed! The idea of comparing him with young, handsome, saucy Alf! Why—

And then the drawing-room door opened with a little squeak, and old Mrs. Symington came hobbling in, gold-headed cane in

'Jocelyne! you here, and the gas not lighted? Where are you—yes, I see, by the fire! I suppose you are dreaming, like the sentimental young lady you are."

The voice was not altogether unkind, yet there was a certain rasping harshness in it

that Jocelyne, in her four years' servitude had never become used to. So, now, she started, almost guiltily.

"Hardly dreaming, Mrs. Symington. I am wide awake, and day-dreams and I do

not agree, generally. Shall I light the chandelier?" She arose from her low seat and took a match from a bronze Mars on the mantel.
"Only one jet. And then you can go t

the reception-room to see Mr. Dixon. He inquired particularly after you."

Jocelyne gave a little, almost unconscious gesture of impatience.

There's no need to appear vexed. Joce lyne, for we all know you are pleased at Mr. Dixon's attentions. And well you might be pleased and proud, too, for, if he takes a notion to marry you, you'll be mis-tress of a home equal to this of mine. Alfred was saying only the other day-there run along: Mr. Dixon won't want to be kept waiting"

But Jocelyne didn't run along; contrariwise, she walked very slowly, very deliberately, and not a little stubbornly.

So Alf Symington, had said something only the other day-had he? Evidently about her and Mr. Dixon, judging from the words of Alf's aunt. Had he indorsed his aunt's opinion that a

good chance was offered her in marrying this homely old suitor? Well, if he had said so-and Jocelyne's scarlet lips grew momentarily pale as she compressed them tightly as if to keep back

the moan of pain she feared would escape Was Eliphalet Dixon going to make her an offer of marriage? If he did—and a rushing thought of what words would have leaned to her glad lins had Alf Symington been the suitor, brought a flood of tears to

her eyes, that she would not let pass. No, she would not cry for Alf Symington; if she had been a fool to fall in love with a man who never had made love to her, she would not be fool enough to give out of her hands this one chance to become independent forever of Alf Symington and

Poor Jocelyne! there was a lump in her throat that threatened every instant to choke her, as she resolved, and strengthened her resolve by rushing hastily in the reception room, and up to a short, stout, spectacled gentleman, who arose from behind an evening paper, with a painful pomposity of

"You are very good—too good—Miss Mayburg! Your friend, Mrs. Symington, told you I particularly craved the honor of your company?" Jocelyne bowed.

"Mrs. Symington said you wished to see me, and I came at once."
"I thank you, Miss Mayburg, I thank

you, and I hope your speedy presence is an augury of a favorable answer to my suit Miss Mayburg, my errand is, to ask you to be my wife, to offer you what I have-my name, my heart, my hand. Will you accept it, and thereby greatly honor me?"

It was a singular offer; so calm, so businesslike, so honest, so earnest; and with one memory to Alf Symington, one awful strangling of love and pleasant hopes, Jocelyne turned her white face toward him, and

laid her stony hand in his own.
"It is I who am honored. I thank you, Mr. Dixon, and I will marry you."

He kissed her latte frigid hand; took a jeweler's box from his vest-pocket, in grave

silence, and placed on Jocelyne's forefinger a diamond ring that cost more money than her four year's salary, all told, could have

So she was betrothed; and when he had gone, Jocelyne fled to her room; tore off the magnificent jewel, flung it across the room, and sat down crouching in the window, crying in utter abandonment of grief.

dow, crying in utter abandonment of grief.

This, then, was what her secret, girlish dreams had ended in; her innocent womanly visions of a rapturous courtship, whispered vows, and happiness to the full!

And now she was Eliphalet Dixon's betrothed! she, who only an hour or so before, at the dinner-table, had blushed when Alf laughingly remarked, there must a wedding follow because Jocelyne and wedding follow, because Jocelyne and Mrs. Symington, he and uncle Philip, crossed hands quite accidentally.

Dear little Jocelyne! she was a riddle, though, even to herself; for, after a good cry, she hunted for her ring, put it on, bathed her eyes in rose-water, and went down stairs, fully determined to show Alf Symington she never had dreamed of him

for a moment.

And it seemed such a comfort to her that he was to blame for her misery; for would she have accepted old—dear Mr. Dixon, if she had not known positively that Alf said something?

In the illuminated drawing room Mrs. Symington and Alf were sitting; and Jocelyne walked slowly in, never a muscle faltering, even when she felt Alf's bright eyes fixed on her face.

Mrs. Symington's shrill voice accosted her before she was fairly over the thresh-'We know all about it, Jocelyne, so there's

no need of you telling us. Mr. Dixon stepped in, and Alfred and I have congratulated him, as we do you. I'm very glad, and I must say you acted very sensibly."

Jocelyne bowed, quietly—she was so calm that she felt benumbed.

"Thank you, Mrs. Symington. I am glad you are pleased."

She swept over the carpet toward the grate where she had built air-castles for

herself and Alf an hour ago, and leaned, shivering, against the marble mantel.

Alfred Symington followed her.

"Miss Jocelyne, my prediction has come ne. May I have the pleasure of offering my warmest well wishes, and assuring you of my desire that you may be happy in your new life?" He was holding out his hand; he was looking at her with a curious light in his

Jocelyne reached forth her fingers, and murmured something unintelligible. Then Alf took his hat and sauntered out; and Jocelyne went up to her room, sure, now, he never had cared for her.

yes; and, like one in a tantalizing dream,

"I don't see what I am going to do with her; why, she's positively as stubborn as— as— Well, well, I never saw any one half so self-willed.

Alf Symington looked up from the paper he was reading.
"Who's that, auntie? Were you speak-

ing to me?" ing to me?"

"Yes, I was speaking to you. I say I don't know whatever to do with Jocelyne Mayburg. Here she's been engaged to Mr. Dixon for all the three years you've been to Germany again; she's been putting him off, and putting him off, and now she has actually refused to marry him at all!"

Alf laid his paper down; he was getting interested.

"She's given it up, eh? Well, aunt Sarah, I think she is a sensible girl." Alfred! what can you mean? Sensible

to throw away such a chance!"
"Exactly, because she is too good and sweet for old Dixon. "Alfred! I verily believe you uphold r. Dear! dear! if I don't actually feel afraid you will fall in love with her your-

"Don't worry, auntie mine. I assure you I do not intend falling in love with little Jocelyne, for the simple reason that I did that He spoke with a tender reverence in his voice, that was indicative of the strength of

the silent love of those years.

Mrs. Symington stared at him in speechless astonishment.
"Well, I never! Why in the world did you let Mr. Dixon carry off your prize,

"I trusted to Jocelyne's own heart for her decision, though it nearly wrecked mine. Aunt, you never will know all I have suffered since—"

He never finished that sentence, for Jocelyne stole through the door, that had stood ajar, and put her arms around his neck and laid her cheeks, that were wet with tears, on his face. And before horrified Mrs. Symington,

"Alf! Alf! won't you love me now?
Oh! Alf! I never cared for anybody else
but you! but I heard—I thought you didn't And do you think Mr. Alfred Symington could disregard the warm, clinging arms,

the sweet, murmuring voice of this girl he had loved so long? Not he! He sprung up, caught her in his arms, and at last Jocelyne realized the be-trothal of true hearts that she had so often dreamed of.

THE following excellent table farners will do well to paste into a scrap-book for future reference.

Five yards wide by nine hundred and sixty-eight yards long contains one acre. Ten yards wide by four hundred and eighty-four yards long contains one acre. Twenty yards wide by two hundred and

forty-two yards long contains one acre. Forty yards wide by one hundred and twenty-one yards long contains one acre.

Eighty yards wide by sixty and a half yards long contains one acre.

Seventy yards wide by sixty-nine and one-ninth yards long contains one acre.

Two hundred and twenty feet wide by one hundred and ninety eight feet long contains one acre.

Four hundred and forty feet wide by ninety-nine feet long contains one acre.

One hundred and ten feet wide by three hundred and sixty-nine feet long contains Sixty feet wide by seven hundred and

twenty-six feet long contains one acre.
One hundred and twenty feet wide by three hundred and sixty three feet long Two hundred and forty feet wide by one

hundred and eighty-one and a half feet long contains one acre.

SATURDAY JOURNAL.





NEW YORK, JANUARY 4, 1873.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:

ian subscribers will have to pay 20 cents extra, to prepay American possible of the Communications, subscription of the Communication of the Co cations, subscriptions, and letters on busi

A HOLIDAY STORY By Capt. Mayne Reid

Will appear in the next issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL entitled:

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A very exciting and characteristically beautiful romance of the Texan Border, in the redoubtable story-teller's happiest vein.

The story will be given complete in one issue.

Every lover of this enchanting writer's creations will welcome this, his most recent

SPECIAL.—We will soon make an announcement that will be received with great pleasure, by Captain Mayne Reid's vast multitude of admirers.

Soon to commence: MRS. BURTON'S

beautiful Heart and Home Romance, FLORIEN'S FORTUNE:

THE FALSE WIDOW. A tale of to-day, the action laid in New York city and vicinity. Deeply absorbing in interest, strong in character and ingenious in plot. It may well be eagerly anticipated.

Our Arm-Chair.

A Prehistoric Race -In the fine story by Oll Coomes, started in this number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, the reader is introduced to a cavern in which reposed the remains of a people coeval with the Mastodon and other long since extinct species of animals. The incident, to some readers, may seem exaggerated or wholly improbable; but it nevertheless is a very interesting adaptation of a most singular and well-established fact. Almost every where over our country and especially over the great Mississippi Valley Region, are evi dences of the existence of a prehistoric race of people, so well advanced in the arts of civilization as to construct vast works of defensive war and fortification and to build great cities, highways, temples, etc. Year by year these evidences so multiply that now so tists are agreed upon the fact that this New World is, indeed, an old world, whose soil was from some incomprehensible reason, passed so utterly away that only by the most careful scrutiny can their existence be demonstrated and traced back to an age long prior to that fixed for any of the races of Adam.

As to the verity of the incident referred to in Mr. Coomes' romance-the discovery of the vast underground burial room of this ancient people, we have a perfect parallel detailed in a local history, by Mr. Ranck, of the town of Lexington, in Kentucky. He says:

"A subterranean cemetery of the original inhabitants of this place was discovered here nearly a century ago. In 1776, three years before the first pe manent white settlement was made at Lexington some venturesome hunters, most probably from Boonesborough, had their curiosity excited by the strange appearance of stones they saw in the woods where our city now stands. They removed these stones and came to others of peculiar workmanship which, upon examination, they found had been placed there to conceal the entrance to an ancient catacomb, formed in the solid rock, fifteen feet below the surface of the earth. They discovered that a gradual descent from the opening brought them to a passage, four feet wide and seven feet high, lead ing into a spacious apartment, in which were no merons niches, which they were amazed to find occupied by bodies which, from their perfect state of preservation, had evidently been embalmed. For six years succeeding this discovery the region in which this catacomb was located was visited by bands of ravaging Indians and avenging whites and during this period of blood and passion the catacomb was despoiled, and its ancient mummies, probably the rarest remains of a forgotten era that man has ever seen, were well-nigh swept out of existence. But not entirely. Some years after the redmen and the settlers had ceased hostilities, the old sepulcher was again visited and inspected. It was found to be three hundred feet long, one hundred feet wide and eighteen feet high. The floor was covered with rubbish and fine dust, from which was extracted several sound fragments of human limbs. At this time the entrance to this underground cemetery of ancient Lexington is totally unknown. For nearly three-quarters of a century its silent chamber has not echoed to a human footfall. It is hidden from sight as effectually as was once buried Pompeii, and even the idea that it ever existed is laughed at by those who wark over it, as heedless of its near presence as were the generations of incredulous peasants who unconsciously danced above the long-lost villa of Diomedes."

This, it will be seen, is so similar to the cave of the dead which our romancist has used, that the Silver Lake Chamber may well be accepted as a possible fact.

It is strange that this Lexington catacomb has been lost, and more deplorable still that, when it was discovered, the contents of the ancient sepulcher should have been scattered and destroyed. Had it been preserved, intact, it must have given the key to solve the mys tery of the Mound Builders and of the great cities of Central America. Let us hope the lost chamber of Lexington will be rediscovered, and that, in some of its labyrinths, remains will yet be found to illuminate the dead

Chat.-A "Student of Cornell" don't understand the use and propriety of an " Electo-

ral College" substitute for a popular vote for President and Vice President. The beneficence of the Electoral College system is illustrated in the case of the death of Mr. Greeley. Had he been elected by a popular vote, a new elec-tion must have been held. It is, of course, in the power of this "College" to elect any person to the presidency, even though the person so elected had not been a nominal "candidate." If General Grant had died, instead of Mr. Greeley, before the meeting of the Electoral College, it is probable that Mr. Wilson would have been chosen President, and Schuyler Colfax re-elected Vice-President. It is very safe to trust this great power to the "College," elected as it is by popular suffrage, and its members almost unfailingly being the wisest and most reliable of our citizens. There are some things which it is not safe to commit to a direct vote of the people, among which must be named, President, Vice-President, Judges of Supreme Court, etc., and it undoubtedly would be far better for the country if all judges were nominated by National or State Executives (subject to the indorsement of the National or State Senates), or elected by the State Legislatures. Our Judiciary has sensibly depreciated in character and efficiency by the popular elective system. Democracy is a good thing, but like all good things, is liable to abuse

-From a Pittsburgh correspondent we have a newspaper report of a soiree dansante, which the correspondent attended. The point he makes is that several of the ladies dressed in such a style as to shock his sense of propriety, and yet these decollete dresses were those especially commended and dwelt upon by the newspaper reporter. He asks what we think about it. We never are appealed to on this subject of propriety of dress that we do not instinctively recall the repartee of Talleyrand, Napoleon's Great Prime Minister. One day at a Tuilleries State Reception, when several ladies of considerable prominence were to take an oath of fidelity to the Emperor Napoleon I, he particularly noticed the beautiful Madame de Monier, who wore remarkably short petticoats to show the delicacy of her ankles Some one asked Talleyrand what he thought of the tout ensemble. "I think," said he, "that her dress is too short to take an oath of fideli-Now, while we do not approve of the great diplomat's covert conclusion, we yet applaud the keen irony and subtle good sense of his remark, and hold that any lady who so dresses as to expose her person improperly is guilty of an impropriety that, sooner or later. she herself will condemn: and the fact that the Bohemian reporters and fast young men most laud the decollete costumes, is, of itself, a "confirmation strong" of the questionable modesty and propriety of the dress.

One of Our Writers.-The Baltimorean thus adverts to our contributor, Mr. A. P. Mor-

"Mr. Morris handles strong characters with a firm hand, and even when he deals with those essentially bad his presentation of them is unexception able. Hence his stories are deservedly popular with those who demand not only what is strongly dramatic but also essentially pure and rational."

His serlal, "Iron and Gold," now running through our columns, will well sustain this

SELF-DENIAL.

opinion.

WHEN I promenade in the city and see the heaps and piles of good things in the windows, I am very much inclined to think that the shopkeepers (beg pardon, gentle-men; I suppose I ought to say storekeepers) are leading us into temptation every day of their lives. It is really dan-gerous to go near one of those stores with a few greenbacks in your pocket-book, for you'll have to look in the window and ex-"How sweet!" Then you must enclaim: ter, and the result inevitably is that you are minus your greenbacks when you are once more in the street.

If I know there is something in a store window that I have "set my heart" upon having, but don't feel as though I could afford to gratify my whim, I just close my eyes and walk soberly on.

There is, sometimes, real bravery in self-denial. The world is full of those who can't have just what they want; but the number of those who really deny themselves some coveted happiness, because it is best that they should do so, is very small. Human nature's weakest point is its vanity. Only tempt that, and, in nine cases out of ten, the tempter succeeds in carrying his pretty device, and it is this ease in carrying his assaults which makes the world given to tempting one's vanity. So that she or he who does not yield, when others are gratifying their love of self, is doing an unusual and commendable act. To refuse to wear an expensive and very pretty hat or bonnet does require courage, as all wo-

men know. But there is a self-denial that is heroic in the highest sense. A girl I know earns, by the most unremitting labor, eighteen dollars a week. Eight dollars of this sum she sacredly sets apart—for what? Why to keep a beloved brother in college and to help him on in a chosen profession. goes poorly clad, and denies herself society position, and even necessary recreation, in her noble self-denial. What reward, think you, oh, vain girl of the world, who spends money lavishly on dress, entertainments and travel--what reward of respect and applause should that sister have? You say, "you don't know." Then I'll answer for you. She deserves the reward due to all heroic acts, and will receive it from all

who appreciate what is good and great. The child that never practices self-denial ecomes a selfish man or woman as surely as a seed planted becomes a vine or a tree Oh, how essential is it, then, for parents to inculcate the virtue in their little ones! It is one of the curses of money that it overrides or suppresses this virtue, and the result is told in many a ruined heart and soul. Better if many a family had been so poor that it had to deny its sons and daughters many a vain gratification. would have spared these children sighs. tears and regrets.

If I have one prayer that always is up permost on my rosary of good precepts, it is
—Teach me self-denial! Eve Lawless.

SOUL SLAVERY.

A woman wrote to me not long ago "Nobody knows how I hate to live in this way, and be so down-yes, that is the word, down. The world grows year by year, but I can not keep pace with it. There is nothing in my life but cooking and taking care of children. I don't blame any one, but it seems hard. Don't be surprised at my outburst-thoughts will not always stay

in one's mind. I don't let them loose very

I know what that meant. It was only a few lines, but it was as solemn as David's lament over Jonathan. It was the involuntary cry of an earnest woman who was in the "house of bondage," who realized that, instead of growing in soul year by year, she was standing still, who every hour feels an outstretching of soul for something beyond the fleshpots of Egypt, but who must strangle such outreachings in their birth, and, putting away the divine afflatus, be inspired with thoughts of cooking cabbage with mess pork, and the various details of baby dress-making and mending.

I knew what it meant exactly. I knew this woman before she was married, and knew that she read much, that she liked study, and loved music, and poetry, and flowers. I knew that in her present home there is hardly a newspaper, much less a book, that her husband cares nothing for reading or flowers, and has not a taste in common with her. No reading or study now, and the two sunny-haired children that call her mother, must do without the soul training which leisure and broader culture would enable her to give them, and which is the most solemn responsibility of

motherhood. Talk about a woman giving up every thing else, and contenting herself with simply being a wife and mother! There is more in being a wife and mother than some people imagine, and if well fitted to be those—especially a mother—a woman has a soul above mere cooking and eating. Being a drudge is not being a wife and mother. Call things by their right names. No true woman objects to laboring, but when it comes to putting away every thing else, and traveling year in and out in a rut just wide enough to contain a cupboard, wash-tub and cradle, with so much to do to keep these things in order, that she can not get time to even peep over the edge of the rut into the it becomes quite a different thing And I doubt if there ever was a woman who filled such a situation, who didn't sometimes feel an almost irresistible desire to spank the baby, and throw something—if it was only a cross word—at her "liege lord," who, mind you, walks beside the rut, and not in it. For, though he may be all intent on his work, business calls him from home occasionally, and if he only goes to the corner grocery, he hears people talking of past, present, and possible future events, and so gets an idea or two in his head, outside of himself and his tread-mill of labor. that furnishes food for thought and keeps him from utter mental stagnation.

I wonder that so many men fail to think of these things; and one of my articles of faith is that they should be taught to think of them while boys-another work for the mother.

To go back to my correspondent, or rather her surroundings, I'd like to know why a man, if his tastes differ from those of his wife, can not indulge hers, and allow her to have them undisturbed. If he doesn't care for books, and is more absorbed in the idea of getting "comfortably well off" than in any thing the literary world may be doing, that is no excuse for him to never buy a book, or take more than one news paper. The newest kind of potato or field corn is of not half the consequence that his wife's welfare and happiness is, and the money invested in these things would help him to be "comfortably well off" much better than if invested in Norway oats or pure-bred live stock. I can't see, either why, because he does not care for flowers. he must always be making remarks to his wife about the foolishness of cultivating them—made, I allow, in a half-jesting way, showing the half-contempt he feels quite as plainly as if more earnestly expressed. If he really thinks the ground occupied by flowers would be in better use if occupied by wheat or potatoes, I can not see the advantage to be gained by expressing such opinion every time the subject of flowers is considered.

I wonder if he thinks that if he furnishes his wife with food and clothes is kind in a general, indifferent way, and provides stout locks for the doors and windows, so that in his absence tramps can not effect an entrance, he fulfills to the letter the require ments of the promise to "love, cherish and LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS. protect?"

CHAFF.

THE empty, idle, but alluring chaff of words-pretty, round, sounding sentences which have nothing lacking but the ring of sincerity, and the rough-and-ready, slipand - go - easy expressions which always strike pat to the mark—pretty, shiny, graceful, hollow grains, or prickly, irritating hulls, this same chaff may be. A very convenient and forcible mode of

expression it very often is embracing in a word what whole sentences might wise fail to convey. Penetrate to the heart of-say-the Green Mountain State, and characterize in the briefest possible manner, one of the long, lank, ungainly specimens of humanity you are sure to come across. He is sharp and shrewd, has genius of a certain petty order, with a natural aptitude for all sorts of business, from horse-jockeying or driving any sort of a close bargain to whittling out wooden pegs or whistling "Dan Tucker," with varia-tions, in the way of musical accomplish-ment. Give him "gumption," and the whole mental vision is called up with the word.

The "elegantly-allegorical language of the day" is decidedly better calculated to point a moral than adorn a tale. Not long the intelligent order of people were cried down for choosing their words with too gingerly care, too great study of effect in smooth utterance—they were in danger of becoming too elegant in speech to prove always comprehensible to uncultivated It was quite proper to cultivate grace of motion, but to describe it in like graceful terms by designating the act of locomotion as gliding instead of walking was a degree of affectation which our diamonds in the rough, who-it is to be supposed--could not approximate to such super-refinement, were by no means will ing to tolerate. Calms are followed storms, peace by revolutions, unnatural re straints by strong revolts, effective elegance of speech by—prickly chaff.
Victims of the tender passion, who for-

merly were credited with mellifluous phrases rippling softly over ruby lips, with shy, sweet glances reading deep into each other's souls—lovers blest, are nowadays

simply a "pair of spoons,"

Mustache, stirred by the spirit of adulation, murmurs rhapsodical eulogies, thinking to himself meanwhile;

"Deuced foine giwl. Cool two hundred

Beauty listens demurely, peeping innocently through the "fringing vail," artlessly artful, thrills ecstatically with the reflection:

"Dear Adonis! Hard hit, isn't he? So handsome and so devoted-I'll think of it." There's a graduating scale to this popular chaff, for our social degrees are widely separated as ever in its almost universal use. From the rough who is prepared to "put a head" on his opponent to the gen-deman of leisure who "cuts" his rival, tleman of leisure who from the facetious "tie a knot under his ear" of the humorous victim to the surly "hang him" of the sulky boor, the hour-

glass of chaff runs its steady course.

Tantalizing, mystifying, elusive and delusive, heaped up empty measurement, inconsistent and paradoxical—chaff! Yet what a convenient commodity! Think how life's burdens might be lightened were they only to consist of chaff, but remember at the same time that "after the winnowed grain there flies the fowl," and-

A bird that once has been snared in the toils Is not to be caught with chaff." J. D. B.

Foolscap Papers.

Free Knowledge-y. At the last lecture on phrenology, I went

up on the stage to get a professional opinion of my bump o' geniusness.

"Ladies and gents," said the professor, this gentleman has a remarkable head, not so muck for its length as for its thickness, the skull being in the neighborhood of an inch thick, and very firm. Charles I. would have been very proud to have been the owner of this head, about the time when he looked around and found himself acephalous he would have felt much pleased with it.

The owner of it himself is very proud of it. He has the best developed nose I ever saw, very commanding in point of size: the bumps on it are very fine. It is a scents-ible nose, and by far the most promi-

nent hump on his head.

Benevolence is represented by a very large depression in his head—he informs me this was caused by having been struck on that bump with a brick. He says he would give the last cent he ever gets in charity, and is waiting for the opportunity. Love of life very great. He has never died

on his own hook since the day he was born, and doesn't intend to do so until his very last minute, unless some unforeseen accident should happen. Ideality, large. His conversation is very

ideal, and the most of his promises are also. Would be a poet if he possessed the other necessary qualifications; has great respect for the pure and the good—pure gold and good grub.

Amiability. This bump on his head was materially lessened by some low bridge on the canal.

Reverence. From long use, this bump, which otherwise would have been prominent, is greatly reduced.

Honesty. As my time is rather precious, I could not afford to take the whole hour necessary to hunt out this peculiarity, if, indeed, it exists at all.

Cautiousness, stupendous. He would never risk his life by rushing recklessly into a muss where he had no business to do so, nor where he had. In a battle he would be a most intrepid soldier to lead a regi-ment of stragglers. As a General he would enlist a great number of men; they would flock to his standard, for they would never be in danger of getting killed.

Self-esteem I might say this faculty on ly covers all his head, yet I would not like to make it out too small.

Adhesiveness, strong. He will stick to anything like a porous plaster. He was the original inventor of prepared glue. In a cheerful game of whist he is always stuck; in truth, he is always stuck up.

Firmness, very large. He is the inventor of the word. Ask him for the loan of five dollars, he would firmly say, "I haven't got it." You could never induce him to alter his mind. He will stick firm to any principle which he has, although his princioles might not have the same firmness. A mule couldn't stand beside him.

Acquisitiveness, small. Had he everything in the world which he wanted, he would be perfectly contented; he would ask for nothing more.

Conscientiousness, very large. He dearly and philanthropically loves to see his neigh bors get justice: he will always remember an obligation, whether he ever returns it or not. It is his conscience that troubles him it is too large.

Alimentiveness is well expressed in the size of his vest. Hunger has no charms for him, and he will destroy it at every opportunity, and between times.

Taste is well evinced in the size of his mouth. Order, very fine. At his desk he can lay

his hand on any article he wants, when he finds it. He has a place for everything, but the article is seldom at home. He is splendid at "ordering up." Human nature, prominent. Wouldn't

cork up more than one of his ears at a tale against his neighbors; is fond of good clothes; believes thoroughly in himself lows his own advice, and has an idea that his wife's husband is a first-rate fellow in general. There's a good deal of human nature about him. Has excellent tune; probably is the only

man who can whistle Yankee Doodle, and the Devil's Dream at the same time, under a woodshed on a dark night. Has amazing capabilities to hold the bass drum in a brass hand for another fellow to beat; great fondness for street organs no doubt caused the enlargement of the ear.

Marvelousness, small. Avoids grave-yards on shady nights, not from fear, but because he doesn't want to disturb anybody's slumber. Dignity. This bump includes the whole

man with the boots thrown in.

Destructiveness. This bump is very prominent, and he should never run his head against a brick wall; it will be destructive to the wall.

Memory, medium. He never forgets to remember the man who gave him a bad quarter, and always remembers to forget the man he gave it to. ton Whitehorn.

Sworn at and subscribed to by WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Sometimes we encounter a book that wearies, when we can not certainly tell whether it is because it is too good or not

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS, as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as nost convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to as are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

we can not find place for the following: "Last Opportunity;" "Codfish Aristocracy;" "After the Boston Fire;" "The Old Year and the New;" "The Last of the Lodge;, "Ben Simmons' Panther Hunt;" "The Period of Ice;" "A Telegrapher's Story;" "Rose McCrea's Lost Fortnne;" "The Water Trail;" "Nobody's Girl;" "Mrs. Prnnell's Party;" "Lucky John;" "Old Sam's Yarn:" "The Trial of Steel;" "A Squaw's Revenge;" "What is a College Good For?" "The Best of Three;" "Big Bugs;" "The Professor's Dream;" "A bunch of Ferns."

"A bunch of Ferns."

We place on the accepted list these MSS., viz.;

"Falling Leaves;" "Luriel;" "A Work of Grace;"

"The Minister's Wife;" "Cad's Correspondent;"

"A Child's Work." "A True Woman's Love;"

"Miss Smith's Burglar;" "Wrecked:" "Mrs.
Brown's Ride:" "Selim's Search;" "Uader the
Gaslight;" "Wandering Thoughts:" "Before a
Money-changer's Window;" "Belle Marie;" "Nina
Bernardo:" "A Decided Mistake;" Jamie's Wife;"

"A Camp Meeting Conversion;" "My Unlucky
Ride;" "Forsaken," etc.

C. C. D. No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid.

Voter. Women did vote at the late election, but that decides nothing.

Arthur M. G. Publishers of Sabbath School books do pay for MSS. we believe, but not very liberally.

Surveyor. A good transit instrument will cost you at least one hundred and fifty dollars. Some at second-hand may be had for less. Look in the Pawnbroker shops.

A MS, by Edward J. B., Jr., we refuse to take from the P. O.—there being twenty-eight cents postage "due" on the same. H. F. F. Your problem is drawn from Mental Arithmetic. See it for your answer.

BEN. M. We should say you already had popped the question. Ask the lady if the ring shall be the signet of engagement, and the job is done. Your writing and orthography can be greatly improved.

E. D. J., PORTLAND. Your answer is in the papers. If Mr. Greeley had lived, probably seven States would have cast their electoral votes for him. JOHNNY J. A good revolver can be had for twelve dollars; a good shot-gun for eighteen dollars. Those sold at cheaper rates are not to be trusted, as

Those sold at cheaper rates are not to be trusted, as a general thing.

Mrs. Hume. We know it is said that writing with a steel pen affects the nerves of the hand injuriously. You can guard against this by using a non-conductor holder.

A. A. Mr. Greeley's estate is by no means insol-rent. His property is worth over one hundred housand dollars, which will be divided equally be-ween his two daughters.

MECHANIC. Ground emory mixed in sweet oil, and applied by rubbing on the steel with a rag will polish the revolver.

STAR JOURNAL. Use burnt cork. No way to "disguise" the voice but to change its tone, or key, or to muffle the mouth.

J. W. The cheapest and readiest route to South Carolina is by steamer from New York to Charles-ton. See advertisements in daily papers for fares, etc.

etc.

W. D. M. asks, if we say, in declining an invitation: "Mr. and Mrs. Smith's thanks, and regrets that a previous engagement prevents, etc., etc."—is not this a reflection on the previous engagement? Well, if construed literally, it is; but it is the usual form, and usage has deprived it of any literality. We say, in subscribing our names to a letter, "Your humble and obedient servant," because it is the stereotyped form; to take it in a literal sense would be an insult to the writer,

INVENTOR, TROY, N. Y. The cost of obtaining a patent on your inventions may be ascertained from

INVENTOR, TROY, N. Y. The cost of obtaining a patent on your inventions may be ascertained from the following statement of charges made by the Patent Office, viz: on filing Caveat, \$10; on filing Application for Patents, \$15; on filing Issue of Patent, \$20; on filing Disclaimer, \$10; on filing Application for Design for three years and six months, \$10; on filing Application for Design for seven years, \$15; on filing Application for Design for fourteen years, \$30; on filing Application for Reissne, \$30; on filing Application for Reissne, \$30; on filing Application, \$50; on the Grant of an Extension, \$50; on the Grant of an Extension, \$50; Application, \$50; Application for Extension, \$50; on the Grant of an Extension, \$50; Application, \$50; Application, \$50; On the Grant of an Extension, \$50; Application, \$50; Ap Appeal to Commissioner, \$20: on Depositing Trade Appeal to Commissioner, \$20: on Depositing Trade Mark for Registration, \$25. If you employ one of the thousand and one "Patent Lawyers" to do your work for you, add his fees and charges to the above. Lawyers are not a modest race, so far as charges are concerned.

concerned.

Miss Eva E. We have no "special advice" to offer. If you have become pledged to two men, it is only a white lie sin, we suppose. "All men triflers are;" but your case, and hundreds of similar instances, seem to demonstrate the unwelcome fact that women, too, have their erotic weaknesses. Your letter we must decline to approve. Think over the matter for a month before you act. A sober second thought is sometimes worth a handful of diamonds.

Young Physical W. The injection of a colution of

Young Physician. The injection of a solution of quinine under the skin of persons suffering from sunstroke, is said to have been used with advantage in India, its virtue being in reducing the temperature of the body. A. H. B. Wines may be improved in quality, by passing an electric current through them.

J. Q. McCracken. Samuel Hahneman, the founder of that system of medicine called homeonathy, was born at Meissen, in Upper Saxony, April 10th, 1755. In 1810 he brought out his work, the "Organon of the Healing Art," in which he propounded his system of "Homeopathy."

ganon of the Healing Art," in which he propounded his system of "Homeopathy."

RICHARD TAYLOR. Science of late has indeed made great advance. Both cats and rabbits will live after their brains have been removed. The brains of a pigeon were removed, and it not only lived, but after the lapse of a few months they grew again. For some weeks after the operation the bird seemed to sleep with the head under its wing; after which it opened its eyes and began to fly about. These curious experiments simply show that the brain is not the seat of life or sensation. It is only the machinery which evolves thought, and therefore the man or animal or bird thinks in proportion to the quality or quantity of brain material.

Miss L. B. D. It is "style" to wear the dress dragging on the pavement about one-eighth of a yard. The majority of sensible women, however, have not adopted the disgusting and recklessly extravagant practice.

BERTHA S. S. Balmorals are not only warm and

BERTHA S. S. Balmorals are not only warm and comfortable, but save the laundress a deal of trou-ole. They are yet "just the thing" for winter

wear.

Herefer V. Antwerp, the principal scaport of Belgium, is called by its natives, Antwerpen. The breadth of the river opposite the city is about four hundred and forty feet, and the rise of the tide is twelve feet. Its Gothic cathedral is one of the send largest buildings in the lower countries, being five hundred feet long, two hundred and fifty feet wide, and having a spire three hundred and sixty feet high.

eet nign.

Stephen H. Dark kid gloves and ties are most proper for street wear, light gloves and ties being reserved only for dressy occasions.

FRANK. If you accompany your lady-love to church and her seat is in a different pew from your own, show her to her place, and then retire to your own seat. Tom SNIDER. One can never be too careful in business transactions with "agents." If an agent exceeds his authority his principal is not bound by his act, and your only recourse is against the agent—not against the principal.

George De Mille. Court-plaster is made by putting four beeves' feet in an iron pot, nearly filled with cold water; boil until the meat leaves the bone; then taking them, the bones, out, skimming the oif from the surface of the water; then pouring the liquid into a smaller vessel to boil until it is the consistency of molasses. It can then be spread on silk with a brush.

PETER PROCTOR. Toronto was so named by the Iroquois Indians. It means, in their language, "oak trees rising from the lake,"

ANTONIO. The Latin sentence, "Nemo me impune lacessit," means, "No one wounds me with impunity." It is the motto of Scotland. ANGELINA C. S. If you have a box at the opera, it is good taste to attend in full dress. If you have seats, any handsome walking suit is perfectly proper and in better taste than a train suit.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear



CHRISTMAS.

BY CLYDE RAYMOND.

The yearly joy has come, the holiday
That wins all souls unto its sacred peace,
And bids the troubles of each life to cease,
That mirth may have its sway.

How cheerfully we put aside the cares
Which mar the common pleasures of the year,
And with glad hearts accept the welcome cheer The festal day prepares.

Away with toil! away with grief and pain! Let roses bloom amid the shrouding snow, Without a thorn to guard them as they glow— Let "Merry Christmas" reign!

Oh, happy hours that swiftly pass away! When joyous friends and relatives unite Once more to celebrate, with spirits light, The Savior's natal day.

Turn back, unvail the past, oh, shadowy Time, Reveal the rapt and wondering gaze of them For whom shone out the Star of Bethlehem With holy light sublime!

Show us again those wise men of the East, Who, hoping and believing, onward trod, To find the birthplace of the Son of God, And hail Him as their Priest.

Onward, still onward, following afar, And still unmindful of all things beside The steady light of that unwavering guide, The clear and brilliant star.

And when that star, its mission now complete, "Came and stood over where the young child was," They, whose great minds controlled, directed Knelt at young Jesus' feet.

And in the ages that have circled by
Since they their love and adoration told,
And gave Him gifts—frankincense, myrrh and He hath been always nigh.

Been nigh to pardon, to redeem and love, And, bright as Bethlehem's resplendent star, He points to the spirit-world afar, That peaceful realm above.

Oh, merry bells, ring out your Christmas chime, This day, to Earth and Heaven alike so dear, And let it be, of all the passing year, The "maddest, merriest time!" Though northern winds sweep down with angry

or roar,

Or sunshine throws its charms o'er winter's pall,

May this of love and gladness bring to all

A rich and golden store.

Oh, happy season! when young hearts beat high,
When hone illumines every cherished dream When hope illumines every cherished dream, And all things fair and pleasant sweetly seem Not born to fade and die. When Hope, with changeful pinion, wings her

Amid the future's gay, enchanted bowers, And charms away the fleeting, rose-tinged hours With visions all too bright.

A Strange Girl: A NEW ENGLAND LOVE STORY.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN AUTHOR OF THE "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XXII. THE IVORY PORTRAIT.

For a little way the two walked on in silence. Lydia seemed lost in thought and Paxton watched her downcast face eagerly and earnestly

"Well will you not speak?" he said, after a long pause.
"Suppose that there is a barrier between

us?" she said, slowly; "suppose that it is impossible for me to marry you?"
"How can that be?" Sinclair asked, in astonishment, and for the first time he ap-

peared troubled.
"There may be twenty reasons, any one of which would render our union impossi-

"Yes, there may be," he said, doubtfully, "but you do not say that there is."
"Why force me to say cruel w

wish to spare you pain." she said earnestly "Lydia, if there is really a reason why we should not come together, you have not acted rightly in this matter," he said, grave-

ly.
"I know it, and it is that which makes me miserable," she said, sadly. "I was so happy in your society that I was not conscious of the danger to which I was exposing both of us. It was like sailing on the stream above the rapids; one glides along unconscious of danger until the roar of the water dashing upon the breaking rocks rises upon the air, and then, fast-locked in the embrace of the tide, escape is impossible. Blame me for all that has occurred. It is all my fault. I saw that you were beginning to care for me, but-Heaven help me !- I had not courage to warn you

of your danger."
"Lydia, you speak in riddles. Why not tell me at once if there be any reason which prevents our marriage?" There is-there is!" The voice was almost a wail.

"Yes, but explain."

"Oh, it is too dreadful." By this time the two had reached the The sun was sinking slowly behind

the far-off horizon line. "Let us climb up to the top of the rocks: we've a good hour of daylight yet," he said. We can sit and chat for twenty or thirty minutes, and then have plenty of time to

get home before dark." Slowly they climbed to the top of the hill and sat down upon some huge rocks which

cropped out of the ground. "Come now, make me your confident, Lydia," he said, coaxingly. "I can not bring myself to believe that there really ex-

ists any barrier between us. "There is one," she said, sadly. Tell me what it is, and see how quickly I'll find a way to o'erleap it. I am not

poor, Lydia, and money removes a great many barriers in this world. Yes, you are rich and I am poor," she answered, plucking the leaves listlessly from a little shrub which grew by the side of the

"Is that the reason?" he demanded. "Because if it is, that can be easily reme-

"No. it is not that."

"What then?" "Suppose that I am already married?" Lydia did not look Sinclair in the face as she put the question, but kept her eyes fixed

upon the ground. Let me look in your eyes, Lydia," he said, quietly. Slowly she raised her head and looked

with a mournful gaze into his face. "That is not the reason, Lydia; you are not married," he said, confidently.
"You think so?" she said, deeply agita-

ted, and again she looked down upon the ground.

"I am sure of it. Come, your reason."
"Suppose that I had committed some great crime ?"

A great crime!" "Yes, suppose that I was a murderess, would you love me then?" Cold and unna-

"Oh, nonsense "he cried, lightly; "you are only trying me, Lydia, but you shall find that my love is so strong that if you will only give yourself to me, I will take you almost without question."

"Oh, you do love me!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, you do love me!" she exclaimed, and she raised her large eyes, now moist with tear-drops, to his face.

"Yes, I do; men say that I am an icicle,
Lydia, but I sometimes fancy that I am a
great deal more like a slumbering volcano,"

he said, smiling. "Let us go home now," and she rose as

she spoke. The red glare of the setting sun came full upon the rocky summit and seemed to crown the head of the girl with a halo of

As Sinclair gazed upon her, he thought that he had never seen her look so lovely be-

Paxton sprung lightly down the rock ledge—'twas some three feet descent—and turned to offer his hand to the girl.

"I can jump," she said, and she sprung from the rock, but, as she came down, her

ankle twisted under her, and with a moan, rung forth by acute pain, she sunk down in a faint upon the rocks.

Sinclair was at her side in an instant, and kneeling, raised her head from the ground and supported it upon his knee. As he did so, an ivory portrait which was suspended from her neck by a blue ribbon, slipped from its place of concealment in her bosom.

The piece of ivory lay upon Sinclair's knee, the picture in plain sight. He could not help but see it. A jealous pang shot through his heart when he saw that it was the picture of a young and handsome man. He had little time for reflection, for 'twas but a moment before Lydia recovered her

"I'm afraid that I have sprained my ankle," she said, as he raised her head, then her eyes fell upon the portrait dangling from her bosom, and a quick, hot flush came over her face. "It came from the bosom of your dress

when you fell," he said, a little constraint visible in his manner. "You have looked at it?" she asked, leaning back against the rock.

"Yes, I could not help doing so as it lay upon my knee. Lydia, has that portrait any thing to do with this mystery which seems

to surround you?"
"Yes," she answered. "Lydia, I confess I am curious," he said, slowly. "Is that the portrait of a brother?"
"No; I never had a brother."

"Is it then the portrait of a lover-a husband? The girl's face flushed, but she did not

reply. "You will not answer?" he persisted.

A moment Sinclair gazed into the face of the girl. "Lydia!" he cried, suddenly, "I will trust you, even though you do not speak.

Let me help you up."
She had sprained her ankle quite badly, and could only walk with difficulty.

Sinclair half-carried her down the hill, and on reaching the level ground they

paused to rest for a moment.
"Sinclair, you do not ask me to tell you whose picture this is which I carry in my bosom?" she said, leaning heavily on his arm, and looking up full into his face with

"No, I do not care to know now," he replied; "my curiosity is gone. In your own good time you shall tell me all."
"I am not worthy of a love like yours," she said, earnestly; "is it not better that you should stop now? You are not yet so

deeply involved that you can not retreat.' Oh, no; I will go onward," he replied, elessly, "and if you can be won, I'm the carelessly,

man that will win you.' Tell me how I can persuade you to she asked, earnestly There is only one way," he answered,

'And that is?" "Convince me that you are really un-worthy of me; that may effect a cure." "It will be so hard for me to do that!"

she responded, sadly, "Yes, I do not doubt that," he said, smiling.
"No, no, I do not mean that!" she ex-

claimed, quickly, perceiving how he had misconstrued her words; "I mean that it will be so painful for me to speak the words which will surely convince you that we can never be man and wife" "When I hear you speak, then I shall be-

lieve," he replied. Then they walked slowly back to the vil-It was quite dark when they arrived at Lydia's house. Her ankle had got much better during the walk.

The two stood together in the porch. "Good-night," he said, and he bent down as if to kiss her cheek.

"If I let you do that, you will tell me of it at some future time." She spoke half in jest, half-earnest. You forced me to tell you," he replied.

Slowly the cheek was raised to meet his

lips.
"Good-night," she said, and passed into the house, while he departed down the Lydia bound up her sprained ankle and went to bed early that night.

Before she extinguished the light, she drew the lvory miniature from its hiding-place in her bosom and kissed it again and gain; and yet, when snug in bed and the ight extinguished, another face floated be fore her eyes, a face that bore the impress of the Saco-Indian blood, and as her sense reeled to dreamland, her lips murmured:

> CHAPTER XXIII. DAISY AT BAY.

"Dear, dear Sinclair!"

PROMPTLY at the time appointed, Hollis was on the spot where he had arranged to meet Mr. Daisy Brick, but that gentleman did not make his appearance, and after waiting an hour or so for him, the carpenter began to believe that he did not intend to keep the appointment when he had made

'Curse him!" muttered Hollis, in a rage 'I ought to have strangled him when I had my hands on his throat." The carpenter was pretty well under the

influence of liquor, and his patience was not remarkable even when sober. His acquaintances in the town had noticed that, for a week or so, Hollis had been drinking very hard. In fact, it had become

quite a novelty to see him sober Everybody said that Jed Hollis was going to the devil as fast as he could go, but no

one volunteered to stretch forth a hand to save him.

Hollis fumed and raved as he strode up and down, waiting for Brick to come.

Finally he lost what little patience he

nad.
"I'll go after him!" he cried, "the mean sneak! He'll find he can't make a fool of Jed Hollis. He's got to tell me what I want to know, and if he don't, I'll smash him, that's all." And with this threat, he started to find

Up and down the streets of Biddeford, Hollis went, but no trace of Brick could he

At last the carpenter took up his stand in front of the post-office. He had worked himself up into a terrible rage. One thing only afforded him any consolation, and that was the thought of how he would demolish Brick the moment he could get his hands

upon him.

Hollis saw that the slippery gentleman had tricked him, but inwardly be vowed that he would fully square the account at their first meeting.

The carpenter had inquired of two or

three whom he thought likely to know something of Brick, as to his whereabouts, but the inquiry was fruitless. He could not gain any information whatever. "Oh, won't I smash him!" he kept re-

peating to himself, as he cooled his rage and his heels on the post-office corner. At last Hollis came to the conclusion that he might as well go home. The carpenter boarded with an aunt of his, just on the

outskirts of the town. Slowly, and still keeping a good look-out about him, Hollis proceeded homeward. He had an idea, now that he had given up his search for the missing Mr. Brick, that

by accident he might stumble upon him. And accident—that wonderful helper to fortune in this life—did befriend the desperate man. At the very first corner that he turned he beheld the elegant figure of Daisy Brick, Esq., proceeding leisurely down the street lown the street.

The carpenter at once gave chase. Brick's attention was suddenly attracted by the sound of the heavy footsteps behind him. He looked around and saw his

'I've got you!" the carpenter cried, in But Hollis "gave tongue" too soon.

Brick was some twenty paces from him, and the moment he recognized the carpenter and heard his meaning shout, he took to his heels and ran like a grayhound.
"Stop, you fool! cried Hollis, in a rage

He felt perfectly sure of overtaking Brick, and was annoyed that the fugitive should put him to the trouble of running after

The carpenter was noted among the young fellows of the town for his skill in manly sports, and rather prided himself upon his fleetness of foot.

But Jed Hollis of twenty-eight, and Jed Hollis of twenty-one, were two very different persons. The carpenter had been a hard drinker for the past three or four years, and continued struggles with "John Barleycorn" don't improve a man's wind, and do impair his stamina. Away went Brick, and away went Hollis

The wonderful foot-race through the quiet streets of Biddeford would have undoubtedly attracted a great deal of atten-tion, but as it was late—past ten—nearly all of the good people had gone to bed.

To his utter astonishment, after chasing Brick for a short time, Hollis discovered that he was losing ground. He groaned in rage, and dashed on at his utmost strength; but there again, Jed Hollis, full of liquor, was not Jed Hollis quite sober; and Brick, whose fear lent wings to his heels, and who never once looked behind him, soon left his angry pursuer far behind.

Around a corner went Brick, and when

Hollis reached and turned the corner, he could not even hear the sound of the fugitive's flying footsteps.

Hollis, out of breath, and chock-full of rage, halted on the corner for a few mo-ments, and relieved his mind by cursing Brick, up hill and down, as the saying is. Then a bright idea flashed into his muddled

Might not Brick be hiding somewhere

along the street? If so, that would account for the sound of his footsteps ceasing, for that he had been able to run clear out of hearing, the en-raged man could not believe. So he slowly went up one side of the street and down the He peered over all the fences and into all the gardens, but he was not destin-ed to be successful at this game of hide and seek. Trace of Brick he could not find. So he halted again on the corner, and amused nimself by swearing at the man who had

proved himself to be the better runner.

And after this little episode, Hollis again turned his steps homeward. He had reluctantly come to the conclusion, that he was not fated to have an interview with Mr. Daisy Brick that night. But the chapter of accidents was in the carpenter's favor.

He had turned back—for the chase had

ed him away a little from his direct road homeward — and was proceeding by the shortest way to his abode, when, as he turned the corner of a street, he came face to face with Brick.

That worthy gentleman had, in reality, completely run away from the carpenter and after going two or three blocks, had made a detour to get back to the center of the town again, never dreaming that there was any danger of meeting the man whom he was so desirous of avoiding.

The surprise, as the two came face to face, was mutual. The place of meeting was unshaded by trees and the moonbeams made it almost as light as day. "Aha!" cried Hollis, in joy, springing forward to seize Brick; but Daisy was no less

quick than the carpenter. He gave a bound out into the middle of the street and as Hollis came after him, drew a revolver from his pocket and leveled it full at his enemy. The carpenter paused, glancing upon Brick with eyes full of rage, but, angry as he was, he did not rush upon the little shin-

ing barrel leveled at his heart.
"Keep off!" cried Brick, in a tone which showed that he did not consider the affair to be a joking matter; "keep off!" he repeated, "or I'll put a ball right through you!" "Oh, you will, will you?" growled Hollis,

almost beside himself with rage.

"I'm in earnest now; just keep your hands off me, or you'll get hurt!"

"Why didn't you keep your appointment?" I never intended to," Brick replied, de-

fiantly. "I don't relish appointments with madmen."

"I'm not mad."

"Well, you're drunk; it's all the same."
"Ain't you going to tell me the secret about this girl?"

"I'll see you in the bottomless pit first!"
Brick replied, without an instant's hesita-

tion.
"I've got the hundred dollars for you,"
Hollis said, changing his tone to one of entreaty.
"Look here, my friend; you think if you get this secret, that, by the use of it, you

can compel Lydia Grame to marry you?' Brick asked. Yes, that is what I want," Hollis re-

plied, eagerly.
"Well, if you knew it, it wouldn't help
you a bit. You would be just as far away from any chance of marrying her as be "I know you're lying!" Hollis cried, sul-

lenly.

"You lie when you say so!" Brick cried.

"What?" and the carpenter made a motion as if to advance upon Brick, but the latter quickly retreated a few steps and the glitter of his eyes told of danger.

griter of his eyes told of danger.

"You'll get it now, first thing you know!" he cried, angrily.

"I was a fool that I let you go when I had you down by the quarry!" Hollis said,

menacingly.

"You won't catch me a second time, that way," Brick replied. "The moment I got back to the town I invested in this revolver, so as to be prepared for you."

"I'll fix you yet!" the carpenter said, and he set his teeth firmly together.

"I give you fair warning that, if you attack me, I'll shoot you down just the same as I would a med down.

as I would a mad-dog. I don't propose to fool with any such man as you are. "You won't tell me the secret about this girl, then?" Hollis said, slowly.
"No, not much!" Brick replied, defiant-

"I'll find it out yet, and I'll get even with you, too, see if I don't!" and with this parting salutation, Hollis turned his back upon Brick and walked away.

Daisy watched him for a moment and then went on his course, keeping a careful look-out behind him lest the enraged man should take him by surprise.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DADDY EMBDEN SEEKS COUNSEL. Peleg Embden had been in ill health for some little time. He was nervous and fretful, started at shadows, and the mere arring of a door or window was quite suf ficient to throw him into a fever. Delia's suggestions of a doctor, the old man would shiver and rather crossly intimate that there wasn't any thing the matter with

But the clear-sighted Delia knew better. The old man was growing thinner and thinner each day. It was plainly evident that some secret care was weighing upon his mind. Peleg Embden, the millionaire, was not the man that Skipper Embden, of the good schooner Nancy Jane, had been. The moment that night came on the old

man would sit down before the window and gaze out into the darkness. Delia, who watched him closely, could hear him muttering commands as though once more on the deck of the coasting schooner. Then he would imagine that he saw a light swinging in the darkness, a signal, and give instructions to have it answered; speak of the turn of the tide and work himself up into a fever of anxiety Then he would cry, "There goes the rock et; Heaven have mercy on his soul!" and shiver and shake as though stricken with an ague fit. Just at this point the daughter would interfere, get the old man away from the window and set him down by the table. And the moment the curtain was drawn

down and the darkness shut out, he would become himself again. Delia noticed that these strange fancies never attacked her father in the daytime: it was only at night, gazing out into the darkness, that he would speak of the schooner. But, sometimes, during the day, he would give way to odd fancies, and put such strange questions that Delia trembled for her father's reason. But, as a general

thing, he seemed sane enough; so the daughter kept her fears to herself. On Monday evening, just after supper, the old gentleman announced his intention

of calling upon Mr. Paxton. But when Delia saw her father take his cane and hat, she saw that he intended to walk, and it alarmed her. You are not going out to walk, father?"

she said, in remonstrance. 'Yas, of course," he answered; "mebbe it will do me good to go over the river."

"But you had better have Nathan and the carriage!" she exclaimed. No, no, I don't want him. I allers used

to walk-and mebbe I'll have to ag'in, one of these days," he added, half to himself.
"But can't he drive over and bring you home? It's a long way, father, and it will

said, slowly; the word dark seemed to make a great impression upon him. What time shall he come, father?" "Bout nine," he answered. "I want to hev a good long talk with the deacon. The

Dark-yes; he can come after me," he

deacon's a smart man, and I want his ad-Then the old sailor set out. He walked slowly along, apparently absorbed in thought. His peaked and colorless face was strangely gloomy, and many of his ac-quaintances, whom he passed as he went down the main street, noticed his abstraction, and 'cute folks afterward "guessed' that old Daddy Embden was breaking up. But the old man looked neither to the

bridge and up through Saco, till at last he came to the deacon's house. Paxton was busy with his newspaper, as was usual with him at that hour of the evening, so the visitor was conducted up into the library.

right nor left, but kept straight on over the

"Good-evening, Mr. Embden," the deacon said, rising to greet the old captain; take a chair.' Paxton laid aside his newspaper and prepared to hear what Embden had to say, He guessed at once that his visitor had come on business, for there was very little

social intimacy between the genial, broad minded deacon and the unsocial close-fisted Embden, who, since his return to Biddeford, had seemed to have but two ideas: the first, to make money; the second, to let people know that he had it. Deacon Paxton had been reared in a dif-

ferent school altogether from that of the coasting skipper. Born to wealth, he re-

rise to fortune. He regarded money in its true light—a most excellent slave, but a most terrible tyrant if you give way to it. "I thought that I would drop over an' gi'n you a neighborly call this evening, deacon," Embden said, in his squeaky

voice, and restless, nervous manner.

"Glad to have you call," the deacon responded, just a little bit astonished, for it was the first time that Embden ever had honored him in that way. Paxton took a good look at his visitor and marveled at the change which had taken place in him since

he last saw him, some two weeks before. Embden—always thin and careworn in the face—looked only like a ghost of him-

You have been sick?" the deacon

"Wal—no, I can't call it sick, deacon, but a leetle ailing; kinder out of sorts, you know," Embden replied.

"To what do you attribute it?"

"I dunno," Embden said, with a shake

"Possibly you miss the sea and the active life which you used to lead," the deacon suggested. "You've made the great mistake which nearly all men make in this life. The boy goes into an active business life at fifteen, say; toils and struggles upward till he becomes a man of forty-five or fifty; accumulates wealth, and for ten years before he retires he says to himself, In about ten years more I shall have all the money I want; then I retire and enjoy it.' The ten years pass away; he gives up his business, retires, probably buys a country place; the man who for thirty years has been battling daily in the strife for wealth, which we call business, suddenly draws out. He wants rest, and in a year or so he gets so much of it that he dies. In reality, the thirty years of toil has made it necessary to his existence; the moment the weight is removed from his brain, it softens and kills him. Have you never noticed, Mr. Embden, how many of our leading business men die soon after they retire from active life?"

"Wal—now you speak of it, 'pears to me I hev'." Embden really had very few ideas in regard to the subject.

"This is the only thing that can save them," and the deacon waved his hand around and pointed to the well-stocked library. "Let them before they retire learn to seek companionship in books, in art and science, and in the really lonely retirement of a country home, these will aid to fill the place of the toil and bustle of an active business life."

"Wal, I never took much to books," Embden said, slowly.
"No, your habits tended another way. You have worked hard all your life; had very few pleasures; probably looking forward to the day when you should be able to leave the sea and settle down with your

family on shore." "That's so, deacon," Embden said, quietly. "From the time I got married to Nancy till I did settle down, I was allers looking

forward to it, and a more keerful man, and a more saving one about money matters, deacon, never lived."

"There it is, you see; probably you and your wife deprived yourselves of a good many little comforts looking forward to the time when you would be able to afford luxaries, and when that time did come, only "True as gospel, deacon," Embden responded. "It was an awful blow to me when Nancy died. I should hev thought it was a visitation of Providence, but it

came afore." Paxton looked at Embden with an expression of astonishment upon his fac Came before?" he said. Afore I got rich, I mean," he explain-

ed, but there was a peculiar, guilty look upon the old man's face.
"There's the lesson which I have been preaching all my life," the deacon continued; "possibly you may remember the story of the Virginian, Randolph of Roanoke, jumping up in the House and exclaiming, Gentlemen, I have found the philosopher's stone: pay as you go! So I might claim to have discovered the proper way to live; enjoy all the comforts—not luxuries, mind

—that you can, as you go."

"Mebbe you're right," Embden said, thoughtfully. "I'm glad, deacon, that you've talked 'bout these things, 'cos I see you're jest the man to give me a leetle advise on a matter that's been puzzling me

"I'll advise you to the best of my ability,"

Paxton affirmed, now beginning to understand why he had been honored by a visit from Daddy Embden. "Wal, deacon, it's a matter right in your line," Embden said in explanation. "You're in the church you know, an' this leetle matter is a sort of a matter of conscience."

"Let me hear what it is."

"Wal—now in the late war, who was to blame for the killing?" Paxton looked at the anxious face of the "I don't exactly understand," he said.

"I don't exactly understand," he said.

"Don't you see? Who was to blame for the killing? 'Twasn't the sogers, 'cos of course they were put, there to kill each other; but do you think that the men that the put 'em there were jest as much to blame as put 'em there was jest as much to blame as if they had killed them that was killed with

their own hands, right down in cold blood?" (To be continued—commenced in No. 140.) Iron and Gold:

THE NIGHT-HAWKS OF ST. LOUIS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CRES-CENT," "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "THE RED SCORPION," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII. ZELLA'S NEW LIFE. Yet for awhile let the bewildered soul Find in society relief from woe; Oh, yield awhile to friendship's soft control: Some respite, friendship, wilt thou not bestow?"

"My life is like the summer rose That opens on the summer sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered ou the ground—to die THE policeman to whom Zella appealed. on the night when she came, like a wander

er, into the slumber-locked city, had found her a pleasant refuge for the night. On the morning following, she was alone with her meditations in the cozy little room allotted to her use.

The breakfast-tray sat on the small table garded it as a servant, not as a master. near her; and Zella, having just arisen His brain had not been dazzled by a sudden from partaking of the tempting meal which

the kind hostess had sent up to her, drew a chair to the window, and was looking dreamily out upon the scene that was so different from the fairy visions around her

country home.

Not now the heraldic songs of birds and dewy perfumes of the flowers; but the whir and skurry of business, and heavy, gloomful atmospheres. Not now the beautiful land-scape, with ripening fields, the velvet grass, or the cool shadow of verdurous trees; but ouses, houses in endless number, smoking chimneys, cramped streets, with their hurrying throngs, and a constant murmuring of noisy airs—all changed, save the still bright blue of the sky, and the play of the

sunbeams. Yet, even this monotony, with its adieu to scenes that were full of grandeur and attractiveness, was soothing in its way.

She felt as if she would wish to be buried forever there, in that silent room, and live

out her unhappy life in exile. Hugh was not in her thoughts then, as she listlessly noted the people below; but she was thinking of her father—how she could let him know of her whereabouts? wondering whether he had found the note explanatory of her absence?—and if he was much worried?

"I can not go back there," she uttered, half-aloud; "it has cost me too great an effort to leave it—and it would make me feel worse. I am safe, almost, now, from everybody. I can not go back. But Pa must know where I am. He will go to aunt Jane's, and, when he finds out that she has gone away, and that I could not have seen her, then he will be very anxious about me, I know. How shall I send him word? What shall I do?"

Some one tapped gently on her door. "Come," said Zella.

It was the landlady—a good-natured female of middle age, with an agreeable countenance.

Good-morning, Miss," as she advanced

into the room.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Diggs."

"I just thought I'd come up and see if there's any thing else you'd like to have, Miss. My boarders're all gone out, and myho!—it's a relief to me, you know, for there's just some of the liveliest young larks here you ever did see, and they sometimes nigh tease me half out of my wits. But, is there any thing else I can send up to you—

"No, I thank you, Mrs. Diggs; I had a very nice breakfast."
"Yes, Miss." She lingered closer, evidently having something to say, and as evidently reluctant

to say it.
"Won't you sit down, Mrs. Diggs?"
"Me?—no, indeed; bless you! I haven't
a minute. I've to look after the sweeping and dusting, and things generally—and hired girls need a heap of watching, you know, or they'll burn the cakes, or break the dishes, or sweep the dust under the bed—indeed they will—and—"
"But, you can sit down a little while?

I—I feel as if I wanted somebody to talk to, very much. I was thinking, when you came in—and my thoughts were quite un-

"Well, I can't stop long, now," seating herself in a chair near her new boarder. "So, you were thinking, eh? Well, I used to do somewhat of it when I was young, like you, but—myhum!—I've been married,

you know, and I haven't had much time for poetry since, I tell you, no, indeed." "Do you think, then, that dreamthoughts vanish when one gets married?" inquired Zella, very lowly.
"Well, rather," replied Mrs. Diggs, with

something between a chuckle and a laugh, while she nodded her head wisely. And do you think people are unhappy en they get married?" still lower.

"Well, now, I can't say, generally, as to that. Was you ever married, Miss?"
"No," said Zella, quickly, and starting at the abrupt question.

"'Un! well, you see, I didn't know but what I might, perhaps, hurt your feelings, and that's why I asked. I can tell you one thing, though, Miss: there's mighty few happy married people *now*adays—mighty few. And *I* wouldn't advise a young girl to be in a hurry about loving any young fellow overmuch, now."

There was a mutual silence.

Then Mrs. Diggs said, with an effort:

"You see, Miss, my husband kind of set me going in this business, and—poor soul!—when he died, just two months past, he made me promise to adopt a rule in conducting this boarding-house. It's a good rule, if it isn't always convenient. But, then, people who don't have rules you then. then, people who don't have rules, you know, have a hard time to get along—"
"What is the rule? Does it apply to

"What is the rule? Doe your boarders?" asked Zella. Yes, Miss-' "Then, I'm sure I'll comply. What is

"Well," explained Mrs. Diggs, and she did it slowly, "it's always customary with me to request—mind, I only say to request -that all my boarders pay me in advance, you see; and if it's convenient—"
"Why, certainly." Zella smiled as she

drew forth her purse.
"Now, mind, Miss, I say if it's entirely

"Of course—as well now as any other time, I guess. What are your terms, Mrs.

Diggs?"

"How long are you going to stay?"

Zella did not answer immediately, for it had never occurred to her how long she would remain there. The accommodations suited her; the house was very genteel, but the questions of time and means had never suggested themselves.

While she hesitated, she was running over the context of

over the contents of her purse; then her face became more pale, for, contrary to her expectations, the sum she possessed was small-only eleven dollars.

"How much per week, Mrs. Diggs?" "Will you stop more than one week?"
"I—I hardly know—very likely."

"Well, you see, my house is one of the best—nothing but what's first-class about My terms are a dollar a day to men boarders; but I guess you can stop for five dollars a week—that includes washing, you

The latter remark reminded Zella that she had not even brought a change of clothing with her. To remedy this condition would require money at once, so that she must husband her resources.

She paid for one week's board in advance.

Then the two entered into conversation. which-though Mrs. Diggs had declared she could not stop a minute-consumed nearly the whole forenoon.

The sun was nigh its meridian when the landlady withdrew, and as she passed along the hall, she was saying to herself:

"My! my! what a sad little thing she is; just as pretty as an angel, and as solemn as if she'd lost every friend in the world. And I couldn't find out for the life of me who she is, or where she comes from! I'll fix it nice and comfortable for her, sure, for I like her. I do wonder what makes her so sad

like. Mrs. Diggs could not have dreamed how. only a few hours distant in the past, that lovely girl had been the very soul of gayety, with laughing lips, merry eyes, and a heart

of gold brimful of hope.

Zella remained at the window, and again busied her mind with trying to devise some plan for apprising her father of her whereabouts.

While this was perplexing her, a barouche turned the corner above, and sped along through the street below her. A liveried driver guided the spirited horses. A beautiful girl and a well-dressed gentleman oc-cupied the back seat.

Involuntarily she took the gay equipage into her listless gaze.

No sooner did she see the face of him who sat beside the young girl, than her eyes widened—the white cheeks grew whiter—she started up, and reached her two clasped

hands out of the window toward him.
"Oh! Hugh—Hugh!" she cried, "come to me! I am here, Hugh! Come back! come back! But the cry was buried in the busy hum

and rattle of the wagon-wheels, and the barouche swept on.
She stood there, with her hands still clasp-

ed pleadingly, and the dark eyes wide and straining as they looked after him. Then he was lost to view; she sunk back into the chair, her whole form trembling, and the pale face, so full of woe, drooped

forward on her arm on the window-sill "O--h! Hugh -Hugh! I hoped never to see you again. I had hoped I could forget -forget that I ever loved you so madly But Heaven is unkind—oh! so unkind, to send you to my eyes this way! Why, why did you drive past there? Why, why did you and I ever come together? I feel as if -could-die! My heart is breaking!

As the barouche drove swiftly before the house, a man on the opposite side of the street halted suddenly in his rapid walk and stared at the beautiful girl who sat beside Hugh Winfield.

It was Dr. Theophilus Onnorrann. He elevated his nose, adjusted the green glasses, frowned, and muttered: "Now, bless my spectacles! if that female had dark hair, instead of flaxen, I'd swear it was Zella Kearn. What a resemblance there is, to be sure! and—ah! eh? why?

He glanced up, accidentally, at the third story window directly opposite, and beheld the pale, beseeching, tearful face that looked so yearningly after Hugh Winfield.

This time, there could be no mistake: and while he wondered, he exclaimed: "There is Zella Kearn, or I'll forfeit my diploma! What's she doing there?

> CHAPTER XIV. FALSE ?—OR FICKLE ?

"From lips like those, what precepts failed to move?"

Away, away, my early dream,
Remembrance never must awake."

—Byron.

A large, square-built house, with brownstone steps, and door and windows finished in a corresponding color.

The interior was one of unsurpassed richness-gilt and drapings, mirrors that reflect ed the gaudy colors of rare carpeting and fanciful ceilings, prismed chandeliers, furniture of satin fringe—everything to speak of wealth and taste set forth in the spacious of Ilde Wyn, she whose love Hugh Winfield was to reciprocate, and whose money was the object of that reciprocation. The hour was early evening. Lights

burned brilliantly in parlor and bedrooms. In an apartment in the second story, Ilde Wyn reclined on a long, high cushion of costly fabric—a picture of loveliness at ease upon a couch of dreamful luxury.

To describe her, we have but to imagine

a counterpart of Zella Kearn. The two were of the same symmetry of form, the same unearthly beauty of face—even in voice there was a likeness. The exceptions were that Ilde was about two years younger—the difference in age not perceptible her hair was soft and flaxen; her speech was, perhaps, richer with melody, and her manner was more studied, as if her chiefest grace was a cultivation of power.

She was attired in a way to discover all those charms a woman may display with propriety. Her long tresses volumed over shoulders of statue-like purity, and in them mingled the many jewels on her person like diadems of splendor in a golden mist.

For a long time she had been reading a novel—not attentively, but in a way that indicated a restlessuess of spirit, and betrayed that it was but an occupation to pass the slow moments

Soon she started up from the cushion, and impatiently tossed the book aside.
"There's no recreation for me in that! Why don't he come? surely, it is time.

the daintily slippered feet began to tread to and fro on the yielding carpet. So he is coming at last?" she broke forth, meditatively, while a smile that was sweet, even in its expression of triumph,

wreathed her lips.
"At last he will be with me—and alone—the man I am worshiping, and to gain whose love, I could almost be guilty of the most heinous of crimes! Oh! how I ove him. Can I succeed?—Will he yield —Will he love as I love—is he heart-free? It is strange that I should have conceived so great a passion for a man with whom have never exchanged a word. But the hour is here! Father and son both hate me, because of what rumor has said—a rumor half true. Ha! ha! ha! what of it? Yet they smother that hate to save themselves from ruin. Well, be it so: let them take my money—all of it—every cent. It is nothing to lose if I win the love I seek. Yes, take it, Cyrus Winfield—but give me the price of my sacrifice. Take all I have, but give me in return Hugh's love-ah!

The clang of the door-bell, the sound of feet hastening to answer the summons. Ilde listened eagerly. The smile on her face deepened with its combined expressions of pleasure and prospective triumph.

The comer was Hugh Winfield.

He was ushered into her presence, and formality was at once set aside by her cordial greeting.
"Mr. Winfield, I am very, very glad to

She advanced with both hands outstretched, and he took them almost involuntarily | rann?"

in his own, while he gazed into the beauti-

Her resemblance to Zella at once struck him—and her eyes—those large, lustrous orbs, brilliant as two starry gems—seemed to hold him spellbound.

"Miss Wyn," was all he said, scarcely bowing over the warm white hands he clasped.

"I ought to feel honored by this call, Mr. Winfield," continued the beauty, smiling. "It is the first visit I have received from

my one in 'society.'"
The remark slightly embarrassed him the blood began to mount in his face. But, she immediately relieved him with: "Come-do not let us be new acquaint

ances, but old friends at once. You see there are no chairs in this room, but cushions —sit on this one, beside me. They are admirable for tete-a-tetes." She led him to the cushion, on which she

had been reclining a few moments previous.

He was watching her fixedly still. Those bright eyes were strangely familiar to him, they contained a something that reminded him of a past impression.

"The outside world does not think well

"The outside world does not think well of Ilda Wyn—does it, Mr. Winfield?"
"The world is not always just in its opinions," he answered. "Moreover, it's far from being consistent. One moment it reviles, and the next it is lauding. It cultivates slander and praise, alternately, and is as often wrong in one as in the other Communities, like the grass of the wilder ness, are full of snakes, and vile tongues do

not lack supporters."
"And you, Mr. Winfield—do I look like one who deserves all the ill that has been said against me?" Rumor gets no encouragement from me,

Miss Wyn. "I have been a victim to some of the most slanderous gossip ever invented, said Ilde, with a tinge of sadness in he voice. "Surely, I never harmed anybody—that I should merit their abuse. Why it is that people will not extend to me their friendship, I do not know. For once, I have proved the inadequacy of wealth

And do you grieve much?" "I can not help feeling that my life is an

ncomplete existence.' "Luxury, then, lacks perfection?"
"It does, Mr. Winfield—it does. Were I a man, I would not care. I could go out among men, and force, at least, that courtesy which men exercise toward the superiority of another in financial circles. Ever such a recognition would be a relief. But l am a helpless girl, as it were, with no strong arm to protect, no counselor to turn to, no companion to—why, I never knew the love of an honest friend; then can you wonder that I sometimes feel lonely, sometimes almost wish I never had been born?"

There were two great influences almost with I never had been born?"

There were two great influences already beginning to work within him: the girl's beauty of face and form was not without its effect—her resemblance to Zella, while it could but recall to his mind the gem he had won and cast away, served, in a way, to draw him toward her, until he found himself seized with an admiration akin to love.

As he listened to her rich, bird-like voice,

too, with its soft protestations against the treatment she received at the hands of "so ciety," he felt that she was a victim to the malicious envy of belles less attractive than she—and that "society" was but a name with better, truer, lovelier women outside the cramped boundaries of its stilted limit,

than ever reigned within. An hour passed. Their conversation had been full of life, and the ardor of his increasing depth of feeling.

It was not, to him, as if the acquaintance had been but recently formed; it seemed that he must have known her for years, and had, until this moment, withstood her charms.

She had watched him closely throughout quick to perceive, with the keenness of an absorbing love, she saw that her triumph

was approaching:
"Miss Wyn—"
"Why not call me Ilde? Surely, we know each other well enough." There was a strange magnetism in the starry orbs, for Hugh, as he returned their steady gaze, felt the blood warming in his veins, and partook of the emotion which now was causing Ilde's full bosom to heave, and her sweet breath to fan upon his

face, as he drew nigher.

" Yes—call me Ilde." "Ide Wyn"—the words came quick and his cheeks flushed, as the mastering fires burned flercer and flercer in his captive "this has been a short friendshipsoul: very short. But it is not the first time that love has asserted its supremacy with over-whelming suddenness—ay, I mean it: I say love? Stop; hear me," catching the white hands and holding them in a burning clasp; "I am loving you, Ilde Wyn! I am laying my heart at your feet! Will you spurn me? Tell me—can I win your love?" The beautiful face was glowing; the dark

eyes that met his eager, pleading look, were lighted with an unearthly brilliancy. He knew not what glad, ecstatic thrills pervaded her every nerve, as she drank in the passionate avowal; yet he could not help but see, in her face, her eyes, the whis-pering, wordless motion of the red, ripe lips, hat there were responsive fires there, a wild, as ardent as his own, a love that need d but the murmur of the voice to make him certain.

It was her triumph!
And Zella was far, far from his thoughts then, in this new, irresistible flame which made him the very slave of her who, til now, he had believed it would be impossible Ah! fickle, fickle man!

> CHAPTER XV. THE REAL APPARITION. And terror on my aching heart."
>
> —Congress

"If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or sufficating streams,
I'll not endure it."

—SHAKSPEARE.

THOUGH Calvert Mandor's face, when he entered Onnorrann's office, was stern and frowning—though his bearing and accent betrayed that he was there on no pleasant business, still the intrusion was a relief to Jiggers. He felt that, in the presence of a third party, he was free for a time from the torments his employer was wont to practice upon him.

He bowed, he grinned, he endeavored to mooth his standing bristles of hair-push ed forward a chair, and squirmed around in an attentive manner.

"Where is Doctor Theophilus Onnor-

"Yes, sir—that is, he'll be here in a moment, sir. Be seated, please," wheeling the chair closer, and bending and wriggling

"Is Doctor Theophilus Onnorrann out?" interrogated Mandor, seating himself.

"Then where is he?" an interruption so quick and sharp, that the ogle eyes gave a twitch, and Jiggers drew a short breath, as he hastened to say: He's just stepped into the next room.

He'll be here directly—yes."
"In the next room?"
"Yes, sir; he'll be here direc—

"Go and call him."
"Eh?—"

"Call him, I say."
"If I do, may I be hanged!" exclaimed Jiggers, mentally. "He's told me never to go near that room, on penalty of being dissected. Yours truly—but I can't do any such thing, much." Then aloud, as Onnorrann appeared, with his face entirely cleaned of the block stein. "Here he is now ed of the black stain: "Here he is now,

The visitor sat with his back toward the door through which the physician entered. The latter did not observe his features, as e advanced, saying:
"Ah! good-day, sir. Glad to see you,
r. You wish to consult with me? I—

God! Mandor had risen suddenly, and turned

upon him. After one brief glance at the man before him, Onnorrann staggered backward with a

sharp cry.
"Wonderful!" spurted Jiggers, as he gaped, and stared from one to the other of the two men who formed a striking ta-

"Calvert Mandor!—alive!"
"Calvert Mandor—alive!" echoed Jimmy.

Mandor gazed steadily into the face of the physician, who cowered against the wall, and he smiled — a sneering, contemptuous, ironical smile.
"Yes, Theophilus Onnorrann, I am alive.

'The dead from the grave!" whispered Onnorrann, huskily.
"From the grave! My!" echoed Jig-

gers, again.
"No"—advancing a step—"not from the grave, for your little plot failed. When you saw me mounted on a horse that you knew was trickish and treacher-ous, you were filled with a devilish joy, no doubt, for you counted, in that ride, on my Your calculations were pretty near right, but I survived, you see. Nineteen years have not altered me much, eh? You

knew me immediately."

During Mandor's brief, significant speech, the physician recovered from the effect of this unexpected meeting.

He was a man of nerve, and not one to be long without his composure—even in a case of this kind, where the appearance of a man he had thought dead, and on whose death he had built many plans, threatened a more than ordinary peril, and caused him a peculiar restlessness of mind.

His recovery was as sudden and complete as his surprise had been. It must have cost him an effort few men are capable of making; for, in a second, he was calm, his voice was without a waver, he even smiled, as he rubbed his skinny

hands slowly together, and said:
"I am glad, I am very glad, indeed, that you were not killed. It seems miraculous! But where have you been so long? dear sir, you disappeared quick as a spirit down a trap-door on the stage! It's been —let me see—yes—nineteen years; quite a while. We searched for you, high and low; but you'd vanished. Sit down, and tell me all about it. It's wonderful."

"Astonishing!" supplemented Jiggers, still gaping.
"James Jiggers!" threateningly.

"Yes, sir—I won't speak again, I vow," sidling away before the dark look.
"Sit down," said the physician, appropriating a chair himself, and motioning Mandor to do likewise. The other was rather balked by Onnor-

rann's quiet, collected carriage.

But Jiggers saw that his employer's front was merely one assumed to meet some pending crisis; more, he perceived that the frown on Mandor's brow was gathering darkness; finally, he apprehended a col-lision between the two men, and inched nearer to the door, that he might be able to dash out at the first physical demonstration of hostility.

And the ogle eyes turned and circled uneasily; the small, sharp eyes in the green spectacles were glistening, scintillating, fasening themselves on the visitor; Calvert Mandor regarded the physician in silence as if undecided how to impierce that in dividual's nonchalance.
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 143,)

Death-Notch, the Bestroyer; THE SPIRIT LAKE AVENGERS.

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "HAWKEYE HARBY," "BOY SPY," "IRONSIDES, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE CONFLICT IN THE CAVERN. THE robbers sat motionless and silent waiting the return of the man sent to search Fear had suddenly taken possession of them all. There was something strangely foreboding of danger in the very

atmosphere around them. But they breathed easier when they saw their scout returning, and had heard him report "all right." "Only fancy—weak nerves," said Pirate Paul, though he liad been as deeply imbued with fear as any of his men.

"No," Finchly still persisted, "I would have sworn that I heard a footstep—ah! there it is again! There is some one in this

cavern besides ourselves!"

True enough, all heard the footstep this There was no fancy about it. turned their eyes in the direction from whence the sound emanated, and saw a human form emerge from the darkness. It was the form of a woman. A shawl was thrown hoodlike over her head, but, as she advanced, this was permitted to drop to her shoulders, and the face and form of

Woman, or devil, whichever you be, is it possible you are here?" exclaimed Pirate

Martha Gregory stood before the astonished

"It is possible, my truant Pirate Paul, at the village, resting and preparing for a Nor is it the first time that I have been within your den."

at the village, resting and preparing for a journey to—they scarcely knew where.

But these two weeks were fraught with

"But, by heavens, it shall be the last time!" roared the indignant robber chief; "you have dogged my footsteps long enough. You shall not leave this ranch alive. I will sink a knife into your heart, instead of sinking you in the St. Lawrence!"
"You threaten me, base, cowardly wretch. You attempted to murder me once, villain,

Yes, and I will not be a fool again. I will do my work better this time. Men, seize her!"

The robbers started toward her. "Back, cowards!" she fairly hissed, and there was something so terrible in the look she flashed upon them, that caused them to

Seize her, seize her, I say!" yelled Pirate Paul; "do not let her escape."

But the men still refused to obey his commands. The robber chief grew wild

with indignation and fury, and drawing a pistol, he leveled it at Martha's breast. But he never had time to pull the trigger. The combined report of eight rifles rolled in awful reverberations through the chambers of the cavern, and Pirate Paul fell dead, as did also three or four of his men. Then, from the darkness of the cavern rushed the Avengers with a yell that drove terror to the hearts of the surviving robbers, who, like hunted beasts, fled hither and thither through the cavern, pursued by the Aveng-

The crack of pistols, the groans and shricks of the dying and the triumphant shouts of the victors rolled in deafening intonations from chamber to chamber of the

great subterranean vault.

But the conflict lasted for only a few minutes. The robbers were all slain or driven from the cavern, terror-stricken. When the conflict had ended, the Avengers gathered around the robbers' card-table,

whereon burned a lamp.

"What next, boys?" asked Amos Meredith, elated with victory.

"Let us search for Vida St. Leger and Sylveen Gray," replied Fred Travis. "Miss Gregory, where is that prison-room you spoke of? Lead us to it."

Martha took up the light and bade the Avengers follow. As she moved away, she passed the lifeless body of him whom she had once called husband. He lay upon his back, his face upturned. She paused, glanced at it, and then, as a sigh, that almost deepened into a sob, issued from her lips, she moved on.

After traversing several chambers of the cavern, their further progress was suddenly disputed by a heavy wooden door. A cry of joy burst from the lips of Ralph

St. Leger. "That must be the door of their prison," 'It is the door of the prison," added

Ralph beat upon the heavy door with his fist and called in wild, frantic tones the name of his sister.

A voice was heard within. It was Vida's voice. She had recognized the tones of her

half-distracted brother. "Sister—Vida, is it you?" he cried.
"Yes, we are here, brother—Sylveen and

"Oh, it is Ralph!" the lover heard Sylveen exclaim.

"Lend a helping hand, friends," cried Ralph; "let us burst down the door!" There was something unearthly in the youth's eyes. Fred Travis saw it and knew

that that demon of madness was seizing upon him. But, they all pressed upon the It yielded and burst inward. There, in a brilliantly-lighted and well-furnished room, were Vida and Sylveen.

Like captive birds fluttering forth from on-care into the ai their prison-cage into the air, so the maid-ens rushed from their prison-room to meet Ralph and Fred. The angelic faces of the maidens staved the storm that was rising within the breast

of Death-Notch. His heart was overcome with the emotions of joy, and he clasped his sister and sweetheart alternately to his From the lips of the maidens the Avengers soon learned how they came to be there, in the robbers' den. After their capture at the cabin, the Indians turned them over to the robbers, who brought them there under

'And I must say for the robbers," added Sylveen, "that, although we have been held captives, we have been treated kindly and with respect, but how long this would have lasted I know not."

cover of the night

"Not much longer," said Martha Gregory,
"for Pirate Paul has been away from here
since your capture, until to-night."
"Then, thank God, our arrival is opportune!" said young Travis.

Sylveen and Martha greeted each other with the fondness of sisters, and, after greetings had been exchanged all around, Martha took the lamp and said:

Now follow me, my dear friends, and I will conduct you from this fearful place."
She did not go the way they had entered, but followed a passage leading in an entirely opposite direction, and soon came to a flight of stone steps. Up these steps she ed the way, but a trap-door at the top suddenly disputed their further ascent.

Martha showed the men how it was opened, and they proceeded to work. It required several moments to remove a combination of bolts and bars, then the door was swung downward on iron hinges.

The party now ascended through this aperture, and found themselves on the floor of a large log building—the head-quarters of the robbers, who concealed their real character under the guise of fur-agents and The party tarried but a few moments in

the cabin, and on issuing therefrom, found themselves in the heart of Stony Cliff, whose honest settlers were all fast asleep.

The party, however, soon made their presence known to the settlers, and the whole village was quickly astir, filled with joy and surprise—joy over the rescue of Sylveen and Martha, and surprise over the discovery of Scott Shirely being Pirate Paul, and that his den was within their

very midst. Omaha and Old Shadow were sent out after those left in camp up the river, and when they returned with the female friends of the Avengers, they were welcomed to the hospitality of the place, and cared for with all that kindness so characteristic of the honest-hearted men and women of the border. And the Avengers, one and all, as well as their friends, were made to feel at

ease and at home.

Two weeks passed, and found them still

great interest, joy and happiness to the so-journers at Stony Cliff, Fred Travis and Vida renewed their love yows, walked in the cool forest aisles, rowed upon the river, and talked and sung as though their young hearts had never felt the pangs of grief, nor bitterness of despair.

Nor were Ralph St. Leger and Sylveen Gray less happy in each other's society—the cheerful light of each other's eyes and the music of each other's voice.

And there were other joyous hearts besides. There were lovers in that little band of Avengers, and sweethearts were among those rescued from the Indians, and theirs was a love strengthened by long months of cruel separation, despair and suffering. If to them the night had been dark, the morning was all the more radiant.

ing was all the more radiant.

Sylveen Gray was greatly surprised, if not a little horror-stricken, when she learned that her lover was the terrible being, Death-Notch; but when she as well as the settlers had learned the cause of his vengeance, and that he was not so terrible as was reputed, they could not censure him for the course he had pursued, in wreaking retribution on the agents of his sorrow.

Ralph did not, however, tell them of the great state of semi-consciousness under which most of his terrible deeds had been performed. But, by keeping aloof from the war-path, and in the presence of his adored Sylveen, he effectually overcame that ter-Sylveen, he effectually overcame that terrible passion of mad revenge, which was proof of itself, that it came of no physical or mental debility, but of a highly excitable temperament that had been cultivated in its freaks, instead of being restrained.

One thing, however, stands yet to be explained in connection with Death-Notch. It will be remembered that, on the night of the storm at the solitary but in the forest, he drew from the bosom of his bunting.

he drew from the bosom of his hunting shirt a flattened bullet, which had evidently been aimed at his heart by a lurking foe and also when taken prisoner by the savages, near his own cabin, how the inhuman foe sought to torture him by shooting burning arrows into his breast, and how he bore this torture with unflinching fortitude. The whole secret of this wonderful fortitude was this: beneath his hunting-shirt he wore a steel jacket, made something like the coat of mail worn by the warriors of the Middle Ages. This jacket had once been his father's; the latter had once been a member of a secret organization in the south, and the steel jacket and iron mask worn by Ralph, and to which his life was owing on more than one occasion, were a part of the regalia worn by that secret or-

Thus the mysteries connected with Death-Notch stand explained, which were no mysteries after all.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THREE YEARS AFTER. It was yet early morning, when a band of eight persons, habited as hunters, stood beneath the umbrageous shadows of a great

forest oak. They were all young men, yet the faces of some were overgrown with heavy beards, and others were just "sporting" their first mustache, and one of them was beardless

and bronzed, but he was an Indian. These men were the bone and muscle, if ou will accept the term, of the flourishing little settlement of Fairview. They were away from home then on a few days' hunt, enjoying a holiday from the field and

We have met with these persons before dear reader, yet we can scarcely recognize in those stern, bearded, manly faces, the once almost boyish features of the Silver Lake Avengers. But it has only required three years to effect this change, for they were just emerging into manhood when we first saw them upon the trail of the red-man.

But, three years have wrought wonderful changes in the lives of these young men, and as they now stand there in the great forest under the oak, ready to take up their homeward march, one of their

number suddenly exclaims:
"By George, boys! don't you remember
this very spot and this very tree?" All gaze around them, and a light of re-

cognition beams in every eye.
"Yes," says Fred Travis, "it is the very tree under which I called the roll of the Avengers three years ago.

"Thrue ye are, 'Squire Travis, and right here we stood when we heard, for the first time, the cry of one ave Death-Notch's vic-

tims," says Phelix O'Ray.
"What changes time has brought to us all," replies Travis; "it seems impossible that, after three years of constant dangers almost, we are all permitted to meet here together again. It is—"

The sentence was broken abruptly off by the crack of a rifle ringing suddenly and sharply through the woods. The young hunters gazed inquiringly from one to the other. It brought up recol-

lections of the morning when they stood on that very spot and heard the report of Death-Notch's rifle and the wail of his victim echo through the woods.

"Ah, there is some one besides ourselves in these woods," said Amos Meredith; "I hope Death-Notch has not turned out again It must be some hunter," said Dick

He had scarcely uttered the words when there suddenly broke upon their ears the voice of some one singing, in a lively air, the words:

"The 'possum he grinned at the ole hedgehog, At the ole hedgehog, the ole hedgehog: The 'possum he grinned at the ole hedgehog, 'Way down by the Squantum—'

" Old Shadow, as I live!" burst in joyous accents from Fred Travis' lips, as the old hunter emerged from the woods before

Bless my ole eyes!" the hunter exclaimed, regarding our friends with surprise; 'who'd a-thought it! Here I find ye, lads,

arter three years separashun."
"Yes, yes; here we are, Shadow! Give us your hand, old friend, and tell us where

you've been and how time uses you."
"Oh, I've been rompin' around over this little patch o' yarth, doin' a leetle huntin', scalpin,' and sich like. But, lads, time's beginnin' to plow up my face like fury, and I can't knock a Ingin double as easy as I used to, still I ain't worn out yit. But, I got to thinkin' over ole times and conkluded to run down to Stony Cliff. Thar they told me the eight Avengers had started a new settlement called Fairview, so I thought I'd

run over and see you. "Glad, very glad to see you, Shadow. You must go to the settlement with us. The women-folks will be very happy to see you,

too," said Travis.
"Wal, I'll go down and see how yer git-

ting along; "but whar's the lad ye called Death-Notch?"
"We left him at Fairview to look after things while we were absent. But let us be

The party hastened to where their horses were bridled and packed all ready for starting, and Omaha having resigned his animal to the old hunter, they set off for home.

It was nearly sunset when they hove in ight of a number of neat-looking log cabins nestled down in a little valley that was teeming with industry and enterprise.
"Whew!" ejaculated Old Shadow,
"what's that?"

Fairview," replied Fred. "The deuce! whew, but ye've got a leetle Paradise o' yer own. Jist look at the corn-fi'lds and the herds o' stock! Who'd 'a' dreamp it, ten years ago? Ah, me! this tells me that time is hoofin' it on, and life

with me is drawing to a close."
"So it is with all of us, old friend, and you may live many long, happy years yet,"

Yes, yes, Travis," replied the old hun-; "but I s'pose ye fellers are all married,

All but Omaha, Phelix O'Ray and David Hawes. You see that cabin to the right of the group? That is where Amos Meredith lives with his wife. The one next to it is where Ralph St. Leger lives with his wife

and baby."
"Baby?" exclaimed the old hunter, and his eyes sparkled with a childlike joy. "Good bless the little critters! I allers loved 'em and it's been menny a long day since I dandled one on my knee. But who lives in this little cottage down before us here, with the vine-kivered porch, and—"

"That is my house," replied Fred, "and there are the statement of the

"That is my nouse, replied Free, and there comes Vida, my wife, to meet us."

"Ther nation! Then ye married that leetle angel? Oh, Travis, what a happy soul ye must be; but what"—he asked, shading his eyes with his open palm from the catting sun. "what is that she has got in the setting sun, "what is that she has got in her arms?"

Fred smiled and replied:

"It is our baby boy."

"Salvation!" exclaimed the old hunter.

"Heaven is a leetle partial with its gifts, but 'God's will be done.'"

The party rode into the settlement and dismounted. Old Shadow was received with the greatest joy, and each vied with the other to make him comfortable and

happy.

The old fellow never left Fairview. Its good people prevailed on him to spend the remainder of his days there, and he accept-ed their kind offer. He was the happiest man in the settlement, too, for by those tle ones that he loved so dearly, he was known only as 'grandpa.'"

Omaha ever remained a friend to the whites, and as "Josh, the Friendly," he stands forward in the history of Iowa as one of the truest friends of the white set

I have only to add that the name and deeds of Death-Notch are still remembered in the North-west; and there are those who can still point out to you, trees that once bore the Death-Notch, the totem of the young Scalp-Hunter.

THE END.

Mohenesto:

Trap. Trigger and Tomahawk,

BY HENRY M. AVERY, (MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

Beauty.—Down the Canyon.—Geological Changes.
—What Nature Does.—A Prophecy.—Albuquerque.—Ancient Tools.—How Yankees Die.—Mineral Treasures.—The Rabbit Hills.—A Jolly Priest.—A Mexican Idea of Heaven.—The Social Atmosphere.—Ignorance of the Priests.—Marriage Fees.—Mexican Women.—Refreshments.—That which Steals the Brains away.—Wine in, Wit out.—Gambling as High Art.—The Curse of Catholicism.—Santa Fe.

To the westward of the Ojo del Muerto we came upon an immense canyon, or rent in the earth. None of us were aware of its existence until we were immediately on its brink, when a spectacle, exceeding in gran deur anything I had ever seen before, came suddenly in view. Our journey all along had been full of interest, and on the previous day, we had had great difficulty in crossing a much smaller chasm, which lay in our way. Not a tree or bush, no outline whatever, marked its position or course and we were lost in amazement as we rode

up to the verge of the abyss.

Its depth could not have been less than ght hundred or a thousand feet, and from three to five hundred yards in width; and, at the point where we first struck it, the sides were nearly perpendicular. A sensation of dizziness was felt by all as we looked down, as it were, into the bowels of the earth. Below, an occasional spot of green relieved the eye, and a small stream of water, now rising to the view, then sinking beneath some huge rock, went foaming and bubbling along. Immense walls, columns, and in some places what appeared to be arches, were seen standing, worn by the water, undoubtedly, but so perfect in form that it was difficult to believe they had not been formed by the hand of man. The rains of many centuries, falling upon an immens prairie, had here found a reservoir, and their workings on the different veins of earth and stone, had formed these strange and fanciful shapes. Before reaching the chasm, we had crossed numerous large trails, leading a little more to the west than we were traveling, and we were con-vinced that they all centered at a common crossing near by. In this we were not disappointed, for we soon came into a large road, which millions of Indians, buffaloes and mustangs, had traveled for years. The descent looked perilous enough, but we knew there was no other near. The mustangs which we rode went down well en ough, while the more stubborn pack-mules

rought up the rear. Once in the narrow path which wound down the steep descent, there was no turn ing back, and we finally reached the bot-tom of the canyon in safety. The large stones loosened in the descent would go leaping and thundering down and strike at the bottom with a crash. Arriving at the bottom, we found a running stream of pure cold water, and on the opposite side a ro-mantic dell, covered with short grass and a

few cottonwoods. The remains of a camp-fire, and the numerous tracks, showed that we were close upon the heels of a party of Indians. They too, had stopped here to give their horses an opportunity to graze and rest themselves. The trail on the west side was discovered, winding up the steep and rugged

sides of the precipice.

As we journeyed along this dell, we were struck with admiration at the strange and fanciful figures made by the washing of the waters during the rainy season. In some places, perfect walls, formed of a reddish clay, were seen standing, and had they been anywhere else, it would have been impossible that other than the hand of man had formed them. The vein of which these walls was composed was of even thickness, very hard, and ran perpendicu-larly; and when the softer sand which surrounded them was washed away, the vein still remained standing upright, in some places one hundred feet high, and three or four hundred in length. There were col-umns, too, and such was their architectural order, and so much of chaste grandeur

was there about them, that we were often lost in wonder and admiration. In other places, the breastworks of forts were plainly visible; then again the frowning turrets of some castle of the olden time. Cumbrous pillars of some mighty pile, raised to religion or royalty, were scattered about; regularity was strangely mixed up with ruin and disorder, and nature had

done it all. Niagara has been considered one of the grandest scenes in nature, but Niagara sinks into insignificance when compared with the wild grandeur of this stupendous chasm. In imagination we were carried back to Thebes, to Palmyra, and to ancient Athens, and we could not help thinking we were among the ruins of those magnificent

Our passage out of this place was effected only by the greatest difficulty, but, however, in safety. Again on the level prairie, we looked back, and after proceeding a few hundred yards, not a sign of the immense chasm was visible. We were then on a plain at least two hundred and fifty miles in width, and this chasm seems to be a reser-

width, and this chasm seems to be a reservoir, or conductor for the immense quantity of rain which falls upon it during the wet season. The prairie is undoubtedly the largest in the world, and the canyon is in fit keeping with the plain.

On the plains of Colorado are to be found many of the immense chasms, or river canyons, where a deep and rapid stream will be found running for miles and then suddenly found running for miles, and then suddenly disappearing in the bowels of the earth. Falls, excelling in stupendous grandeur the Falls of Niagara, are to be found in Wyo-ming, and I predict that the day is not far distant when thousands will visit them as they now do Niagara, and the latter will be considered a second-class show.

Passing Albuquerque, we proceeded west-ward through the Zuni Pass of the Zuni Mountains, and thence to the principal village of the Moquis Indians, among the Rabbit Hills. Albuquerque has a populaion of nearly four thousand, and is one of the richest and pleasantest towns in the territory, with a splendid cathedral and other buildings more than two hundred years old. At the farms along the road, armers were treading out their wheat with horses and oxen, precisely as did the children of Israel three thousand years ago but with an utter disregard for the injunc-tion of the old patriarch who said, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox, which treadeth out the corn.' Some were cutting corn with a rude instrument resembling the hoe in use on the sugar plantations of Cuba, and mowing grass with sickles. The greater the antiquity of the implements, the better they suit the Mexicans; his farming tools have not improved since the days of his Aztec forefathers. The same crooked stick serves for a plow everywhere. Merchants have to introduce plows, but could not per suade the natives to adopt them. Thresh ng machines were also taken to the coun try, but the farmers believed them to be ome infernal machine for cheating them out of their share of the grain, and would

oot use them. Traces of old Jesuit Missions abound throughout New Mexico, Arizona, Old Mexico, and Central America. These vast regions were converted to the Roman faith by patient, life-long labors of the Society of Cortez that the funions real of Cortez Jesus; not by the furious zeal of Cortez and his fellow-robbers, who hurled the na-tive idols down the steps of their temples, to replace them with the cross. New Mexico is thoroughly Roman Catholic, and nas but one Protestant school and one

Protestant church. We met with no adventures worthy of note on our journey here, with the excep tion of an occasional skirmish with "greasers," "yaller-bellies," and Indians.

The native Mexican, wherever he may be, is pre-eminently social. If an Ameri-can enters a saloon where he is drinking, with endless bows he insists that the new comer shall taste from his glass, and usually treats all he can see, whether he has any money to pay or not. If another Mexican enters, he even takes the clear from his mouth and hands it to his friend, who, after a few whiffs, passes it to a neighbor; and it usually makes the round of the company before returning to the owner's lips He is by nature a connoisseur of liquers; a lancer; and a walking eigar manufactory While earnestly talking, he produces a corn-husk or bit of paper from one poeket, a box of fine-cut tobacco from another, and rolls up and lights a cigar without once

A Mexican's idea of heaven seems to be a maze of long-robed priests, gorgeous paintings, and wax candles; a blessed asylum where cigarettes, wine and brandy never fail; where there is no work, much gossip, and a fandango every night.

looking at it.

Although the women of Mexico can not boast of much superfluous virtue, yet in some respects our American women would do well to take pattern from them. I must confess I rather like the style of the darkeyed senoritas. There is very little of the affectation of the American fine lady about them. They are nothing more or less than women; and, better still, woman as she comes from her Creator's hands, with eyes eeth, hair and figures-and for that mat ter, hearts too, occasionally—founded upon the very best models—nature's own. In a word, they are women unstayed, and unpadded, who have gained nothing from conventionalism, and have grown up to their full estate in blissful ignorance of mil-

In South-western Mexico we found very few white men, but among those met there were none who left a more agreeable impression than the Catholic priest who had charge of the spiritual affairs of the Moquis and Mojave Indians. The priests are usually very ignorant. Nearly all of them are "fathers of a family," whose children bear the mother's name, though their paternity

is neither concealed nor denied. The marriage fees of the priests range from ten to one hundred dollars. Among the poor, burial costs from one dollar to one hundred, according to the distance of the grave from the altar. The wealthy are sometimes charged a thousand dollars for interment in sacred earth.

interment in sacred earth.

"The personal names of these devout Catholics startle Protestant ears. One dirty, cut-throat-looking Mexican bears the appellation, Juan de Dios—'John of God' and received an invitation to a baile at the house of Don Jesus Vigil. Jesus (pronounced He-soos) is very common; one native near Taos is called Jesus Christo.

"Degenerate descendants of that strange

race, whose gorgeous semi-civilization was once the world's wonder, modern Mexicans are treacherous, effeminate, cowardly and superstitious, almost meriting John Randolph's bitter invective: 'A blanketed nation of thieves and harlots'"

But our priest was of altogether a different class; one of the laugh-and-grow-fat kind, who never trouble themselves very much about the affairs of either this world or the world to come. He invited us to make him a visit at his house, which invitation was excepted in due seeson were out tation we accepted in due season; more out of curiosity, I must confess, than from any other cause; for I was at a loss to know how a priest could entertain a trio of wild

young men like us. The house of the priest was of adobe, two stories high, and showing more than ordinary taste in its architecture. The lower story was occupied by the domestics

who were principally young Indian girls; and there were plenty of them there. When we called we were shown to a splendidly-furnished apartment, and very oon the old padre made his appearance. He was clad in a very rich dressing-gown, black pants and slippers, and his linen was spotlessly white; but he was smoking an old pipe that looked as if it might have been his constant companion for half a century at least.

The conversation at first was rather desultory; the priest was merely trying to discover the "lay of the land" by asking our opinions upon subjects not exactly spiritual. After satisfying himself, he rung a little bell and ordered the servant who answered the call to bring up some refreshments. The refreshments were brought in on a silver tray, and were in the shape of four large decanters and the same number

One of the decanters was filled with aquadienie, the most villainous mixture ever com-pounded. It will bring more "drunk," in a given time, than any thing else in the known world. One swallow of this liquor is enough to make a white man think he has taken a dose of bottled lightning; or, that a charge of nitro-glycerine has exploded in his stomach; and, however much of a "bummer" he may have been, he finds himself wondering whether he will live through the operation. Yet these people have drank it for years and are still alive! The old men of Mexican towns look older than any others in the world. According to a local proverb, the region is so healthy that its aged inhabitants never die, but dry up and blow away! Gaunt, attenuated, wrinkled and blanketed, "their youthful hose a world too wide for their shrunk shanks," they totter about like revivified Egyptian mummies.

Another bottle was filled with wine, sparkling and red, which the *padre* assured us was fifty years old. I tried it, and henceforth did not wonder that such should have been recommended to good old Timo-thy as a cure for the stomach-ache, or for his stomach's sake. It was none of your gged, logwood extracts which are by thousands under the delusion that it is fine old port," but a drink fit for a king.

After we had "sampled" his liquors, he drew from some hidden pocket within the folds of his gown, a pack of greasy cards, and proposed that we play a game of monte. All the natives here are inveterate gamblers. Soon after he learns to walk, the child risks his first penny; the gray-haired old man, tottering into the grave, stakes his only coat or his last dollar; the priest who has charge of the spiritual affairs of the people, enters into the game with a zeal be-

coming a better cause.

Right or wrong, old Father Francis put himself outside of so much aquadiente that he got very jolly, and would break out in the strains of some old Spanish love song, not sung to the tune of a Te Deum Laudamus. He offered to call up some of his girls and have a dance, claiming that he had the prettiest nitas in all Mexico; but we declined, and along in the hours when it is supposed that ghosts and goblins stalk abroad, we bade our host good-night. We caught a glimpse of him as we were passing the window, dancing around the room with a bottle hugged tight to his breast, and a bottle hugged tight to his breast, and singing at the top of his voice the air of *It* penserosa. We visited him often, and as

long as we remained in that part of the country, we were welcome visitors.

New Mexico must ultimately become the vineyard of America. The large and delicious El Paso grape grows in great abundance. dance. For a penny one is allowed to enter any vineyard and eat his fill. The native wine, though a little heavy, is very rich and sparkling. The author of "Beyond the Mississippi" says: "I do not covet my Mexican neighbor's house, nor big wife his mean segment and his maid ser his wife, his man-servant nor his maid-servant, his horse nor his ass; but I confess to twinges of envy that he can enjoy th out the year the glowing vintage of El Paso.'
The same author also says: "There is a

custom among these people which is well worth knowing, as applied to a 'distin-guished few.' I would not altogether disguished few.' I would not altogether dis-like its adoption into our own more civiliz-ed community. It is this: the New Mexi-cans greet a friend, not by compressing and then agitating his hand, but by putting an arm about his neck and literally embracing him — a nice, old-fashioned, patriarchal way. This custom applies to all ages and both sexes; and really, I agree with 'Los Gringos' Wise, who informs us that it is a real luxury to meet a pretty senorita after real luxury to meet a pretty senorita after a short absence. But, like every thing else, the thing has its drawbacks, and serious ones, too. For instance, though it may be a very delightful thing to embrace, or be embraced by Gabriella or Martina, or any other dark-eyed damsel of 'sweet sixteen,' it is any thing but desirable to be obliged it is any thing but desirable to be obliged to extend the same courtesy to their bro-ther Juan, or their 'padre,' Don Josef, par-ticularly if Messrs. Juan and Josef have dined upon a 'hotch-potch' seasoned with garlic, which is but too often the case. As I said before, the custom is a good one, but in its practical application should be limited to one's young lady friends."

Although chastity is practically unknown among the Mexican women, I believe they possess all the other virtues of their sex. The poor women, utterly devoid of personal purity, willing to give or suffer any thing to obtain jewelry or silks, are invariably tender-hearted and self-sacrificing, always ready to divide their last crust with the needy, and go without the necessaries of life themselves to minister to the sick.

Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico, is the first town in the province in inhabitants. It is sometimes written Santa Fe de San Francisco (Holy Faith of Saint Francisco (Holy Faith of Sai San Francisco (Holy Faith of Saint Francis), the latter being the patron saint of the Mexicans. Like most of the towns in this section of the country, it occupies the site of an ancient pueblo, or Indian village, whose race has long been extinct. It is situated about fifteen miles east of the Rio del Norte, at the western base of a snow-clad mountain, upon a beautiful stream of small mill-power size, which ripples down in icv cascades and joins the river about n icy cascades and joins the river about eighteen miles to the south-west of the city. The population of Santa Fe is about four thousand, and including several surrounding villages, which are embraced in its corporate jurisdiction, it amounts to something more than six thousand. The latitude of Santa Fe, as determined by various observations, is 35° 41' (though it is placed on most maps a degree further north), and the longitude about 106° west from Green-

Its elevation above the ocean is nearly seven thousand feet; that of the valley of Taos is, no doubt, over a mile and a half. The highest peak of the mountain (which is always covered with snow), some ten miles north-east of Santa Fe, is reckoned about five thousand feet above the town. Those to the north of Taos rise to a much greater elevation. Santa Fe, like Taos, is very irregularly laid out, and most of the streets are little better than common highways traversing scattered settlements, which are interspersed with cornfields, nearly sufficient to supply the inhabitants with grain. The only attempt at any thing like architectural compactness and precision, consists in four tiers of buildings, whose fronts are shaded with a fringe of portales, or corredores, of the rudest possible description. These constitute the public square, and comprise the *Pulacio*, or Governor's house, the Custom House, the Barracks (with which is connected the fearful Calabozo), the Casa Consistorial of the Alcaldes, the Capilla de los Soldados, or military chapel, besides several private residences, as well as most of the stores occupied by the American merchants.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 129.)

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BY A MONEY-CHANGER'S WINDOW.

A Broadway Incident.

BY LAUNGE POYNTZ.

By a money-changer's window stood a poor girl in a niche,
Deaf to the sound of passing feet,
Gazing and dreaming a vision sweet,
"If she were only rich!"

Alone in the crowd of Broadway, the weather bitterly cold,
Only a sheet of plate-glass clear
Fenced in the wealth that looked so near,
Crisp notes and shining gold. Close to the great bank portal, where, all the

livelong day,
People were hurrying past without end,
Carrying money to hoard or spend,
She stood by the passageway—

Dreaming of what she might do, wistfully eyeing the gold;
Then, in a moment, she thought of the way
Weary and long she must go that day,
Shivering, hungry and cold.

All in a moment remembered wishing would buy no bread,
A waif cast up by the city's stream,
She bitterly sighed, "'Twas only a dream,
Would God we all were dead! "Up in our garret mother sews for a pittance

small,
Brother and I must work together,
Glad of a job in the bitter cold weather,
Keeping the house for all. "At nights we strive to slumber, hunger and cold to forget,
Stinted of food from day to day,
Fearing to-morrow, and waiting for pay,
Pay that is held back yet!

"Oh, for a warm, bright fire! Oh, for one cheerful meal!
Shoes to cover the little bare feet,
That patter over the frozen street,
Never more cold to feel.

"Think of how little we need to live, how hard it is to bear,
That others should leave such sums to lie,
When every coin would a blessing buy,
And lighten a load of care!

"Oh, 'tis well for the poor life's short, 'tis well there's a promise given!
For charity grows so very small,
That the only hope we've left at all,
Is of rest at last in heaven."

She turned from the tempting window, she gave one lingering sigh,
Then off to toil for a scanty dole,
God send her one kind, pitying soul
In the holy Christmas nigh!

How She Went Home. A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

A WILD, bitter night of wind and storm. The snow beat in fitful gusts against the windows of the old church, through which the light shone in a soft radiance, a little way out into the night. The wind whirled and eddied among the leafless trees, and sighed about the steeple where the bell hung, wailing silently for the ringer's hand

hung, wailing silently for the ringer's hand on Christmas morning.

Within all was gayety and gladness. Young men and women were busy fashioning long sprigs of pine and sprays of feathery hemlock into crosses, and wreaths, and trailing festoons, along the arches and the galleries, and across the glittering organpipes. Now and then they braided in a cluster of scarlet hollyberries, or white dogwood, to relieve the somberness of the evergreens: and I think, as their hands met in greens; and I think, as their hands met in weaving the Christmas garlands, some sweet hopes and fancies were woven into their lives, to brighten them up, not for a brief Christmas-time only, but for all time.

A young man and a young woman were sitting on the chancel-steps, with a heap of odorous pine and gleaming berries of the scarlet holly before them, from which they were deftly weaving a motto for the arch above the altar. He formed the tassels of the nine into long braids and she sewed them upon a background of white, putting in, here and there, an illumination from the holly heap before her.

She had a sweet, pure face. It was not beautiful, perhaps, but it was something better-it was brave, and true, and woman The light from the altar-lamp fell over her yellow hair, and made it gleam like gold. Once, when she lifted her eyes to the arch above them, Cyril Dane thought of pictures he had seen of the Madonna

Cyril Dane's face was fair enough, but it lacked the purity of Agnes Casilear's. Looking in it, you would have surmised that his life had not always been so full of good impulses as on this Christmas Eve, when love was stirring his soul to new depths of tenderness, and making him re solve to be a better man in future, for the sake of the woman he loved, than he had been in the past for his own sake.

That Agnes Casilear loved him you could have told by her shy glance, and the soft, glad light of peace which brooded in her face. She loved him, and the old She loved him, and the old world seemed far off; her new world was full of rest and deep content.

Letter by letter the legend grew beneath

their fingers

"Peace on Earth; Good-will to Men." Close by one of the windows a woman shivered in the storm. A woman clad in thin and draggled garments, with a wild, wan, woful look upon her face, as the light streamed out upon it through the narrow panes—a look pitiful to see on this Christmas night, or on any night. Her long hair streamed about her face, in the fierce fury of the wind, and she shuddered and caught her breath with a quick gasp, as a fresh gust tore around the corner of the church, and eddied the white snow into her blinded

She pressed her faded face to the panes. and looked in. She saw the wreaths grow into shape and beauty beneath swift and nimble fingers, and crosses and festoons fashioned by skillful hands, from the odorous heaps of greenery. By and by, her eyes wandered away toward the altar, and she saw the two sitting there together, at work on the grand old legend of the birthnight of our Savior, sung hundreds of years ago on the the Judean plains, when angels told the world of the great gladness which the night had brought to them.

The woman started when she saw the man's face, and pressed her hand upon her

heart, as if to still its tumult.
""Peace on Earth," she read. "As if there could be such a thing as peace!" she cried, bitterly, her eyes full of pitiful wildness. "It's always peace! peace! that they preach to us; but there's no peace! If is, I have not found it, and I never shall! Perhaps I don't deserve it. I don't know what ails me to-night. I feel just like getting away somewhere by myself, in the night and the storm, and loathing myself to death. I wonder if it's because it's Christmas night? I used to be glad when Christmas came, but now it doesn't make any difference to me what the night or the day

They're all alike, all alike! I wonder if it isn't better to be dead, when one gets to hate herself?"

She put her face to the pane again, and her thin covering closer about her shoulders.

He doesn't seem to think of bitter things," she said, with cold lips. "He has n't any ugly memories to trouble him. Men never have! It's only us women! I dare say he doesn't think of any one but that girl at his side. By his looks I judge he thinks there is but one woman in the world, and she is his. I wonder how long he will care for her? A month, probably; two or three of them, like enough; then a prettier face comes along, and good-by to the old one! Oh, dear, dear! It's a bitter world! A bitter, cruel, cold world! I've known hearts that were colder than this

storm is, though!" The young man wove in the last tassel of pine, and the young woman fastened in the last cluster of hollyberries, and the motto was complete. The woman outside, looking in, saw him bend down suddenly, and kiss her. A warm wave of color surged over the fair face, and the clear, pure eyes wavered, and hid themselves shyly beneath their long lashes; then lifted themselves suddenly to his face in a look of perfect trust, and a woman's unquestioning love

and confidence.

"She has got a sweet face," muttered the woman, "and she lets it tell how much she loves him. I'm sorry, sorry, for he isn't worthy a pure woman's love. It's a queer world, isn't it?" she asked, suddenly, of some invisible companion—some sprite of the storm, like enough—"an awful queer world. That man he kissed me and teld world! That man has kissed me, and told me that he loved me—me, a poor creature that a pure woman, like that one in there, wouldn't touch for fear of contamination, and yet she loves him. Her soul's white as this snow is, I know, and his soul has got stains on it, but she can't see them. If she could, maybe she wouldn't be afraid of their staining her soul, because she loves

EXCHANGE

"Oh, but somebody must!" the other cried. "I don't believe there is anybody in the world that somebody doesn't care for!" "You don't know!" cried the woman at

"You don't know!" cried the woman at the window. "You ain't used to the world, and I am. You think, because you're so happy, everybody else ought to be. But they ain't. I wish I was dead!"
"Don't talk so, please," the other said, shivering at the idea. "Are you in trouble? Perhaps I can help you. Let me try."
"Go away!" cried the woman. "Don't touch me! You don't know what a sinful thing I am. Women, not half so good and pure as you are, go by on the other side, for fear of soiling themselves by touching me pure as you are, go by on the other side, for fear of soiling themselves by touching me with their garments. You shrink! I thought you would, when you knew what you were talking to."

"You are a woman," was the answer, in a tone of infinite pity. "Let me help you if I can. Trust me, please."

She put her hand gently on the woman's arm.

"Are you an angel?" asked the poor creature, in an awed voice. "You ain't afraid to touch me, for all I'm so soiled with sin. Oh, dear! dear!" breaking down sud-

denly in a bitter burst of weeping
""Can't I help you?" said the other, pleadingly. "I would be so glad to, if I could."
"No, no!" cried the sobbing woman. "I wish you could, but you can't. I'm past help. I'm thankful for your kindness, all the same. You're an angel. If some one like you had spoken to me years ago as you have to-night I might have been a different woman. But it's too late now. Hark they're calling you."

they're calling you."

"I'm 80 sorry I can't help you," the young woman said. "But, if I can't, God can. You are shivering with cold. Take this shawl. I have another inside, and the sleighs will take us home so quickly that I shall not dream of being cold. I wish I could help you!" longingly.

"But you can't," was the reply, as the woman drew the soft folds of the shawl closer about her shivering form.

closer about her shivering form.

such a restless spell on me that I couldn't such a restless spell on me that I couldn't stay anywhere, and I wandered off out here. I did have hard and bitter thoughts against you, because you left me, but I've thought it over, and I know I was more to blame than you were. I've seen her to-night, the woman you're going to marry, and if ever angels dwell on earth, she's one. Why!—she kissed me! Me! Do you hear that? And she knew what I was when she did it. Bless her! But I won't keep you here. I wanted to tell you that I'm going away, and I'll never trouble you again.

away, and I'll never trouble you again. For her sake, be a better man than you have been. If any thing can make you a good, true man, her love will do it. They are calling you—go!"

She thrust him from her, and glided into the shadow again till the sleigh drove off.

When the sound of the sleigh-bells died upon the air, she wrapped her shawl about her and struck off into the storm and night. She was thinking so busily that she knew not where she was going. Perhaps she did not care. not care.

On and on she wandered. The snow came down about her like a cloud. It lay before her, white and yielding to her tread. She struggled through the drifts, where the wind had piled it up like banks of frost. The wind buffeted her and beat her back. She sat down for a moment and rested; then up and on again.
"I'm very tired," she said, at last. "It's

a long way home. But an angel kissed

Her mind was wandering, like herself.
"Dear, dear!" she said, by and by. "It's such a long, long way home. I wonder how much further? I'm tired, and the wind blows so!"

wind blows so!"
Still she kept on, staggering now and then, and almost falling. By and by a light glimmered through the darkness.
"I'm almost home!" she cried, reeling in the eddying wind. "Almost home! I see the light in the window. I'm glad, for it's cold, awful cold. But an angel kissed me!"

Cha sunk down in a greet white drift and

She sunk down in a great white drift, and a drowsiness came over her. She did not

a drowsness came over her. She did not try to struggle on.

"It's good to get home," she whispered, faintly. "I wonder who showed me the way? Oh—that angel! She talked with me, she kissed me!—she kissed me! and I'm such a sinful thing!"

After that she was quite still. She did not struggle nor speak. The white snow came down about her and wrapped her in its purity. And when the Christmas morning dawned, peacefully and clear after a night of storm and darkness, she had got

Let us trust that it was the happiest Christmas she had known in many years. So long a wanderer, the welcome home must have been strangely sweet to her—and she had wandered so far, so far! God pity

I think He did.

Forecastle Yarns

BY C. D. CLARK.

X.-JIM BAGLEY'S GHOST.

SAILORS are naturally superstitious and prone to believe in the power of disembodied spirits to appear at times upon the earth. To argue an old salt out of the belief is an utter impossibility, for they laugh to scorn the obstinate landsman who dares hint that their yarns are in the least degree "fishy," and when I, an inexperienced landsman, first pitched my donnage into the forecastle of the Sylvia, they used to make my blood run cold with their fearful "statelless".

"You don't believe in ghosts, you don't, Greeny!" said Jack Ratline, a man who had sailed the sea for thirty years. "You come aboard ship greener than the grass which grows, and insinivate that I don't know what I'm talkin' about! Why, you low-lived land swab, I ought to take a rope's end and leather you until you dance the

highland fling,"
"But, Jack," I pleaded, "when a man
has been educated to believe in the impossi-

bility of—" "Stow that, Greeny; stow it, I say! We ain't got the gift of the gab as you have, and we ain't no scholards, but what I sees I sees, and what I knows I knows. Got any

I modestly unlocked my chest, and brought out a plug of the desired article, and Jack, after twisting off a mighty chaw, put the rest in his pocket, while my eyes looked longingly after it as it disappeared.

"I'll keep it fur you, Greeny. If you want a chaw I'll give it to you, but I don't believe little boys oughter use too much of the weed; 'tain't good fur their narves, and only seasoned old salts can use it in any quantity. Now, anchor yourself on the chist, and I'll spin you a yarn. And it's true, mind ye; it's true. Let one of you ventur' to deny it, and I'll lam him, I'll lam him till his respectable parents would dis-own him. I'm a-talkin' now in dead air-

"I was in the old Neptune-a ship which sailed as a packet between New York and Rio. When we was crossin' the line the fust-mate had occasion to cat a lazy thief that shipped as a landsman at New York Now, I don't believe in givin' the fust-mate leave and license to bu'st you over the head every time you come handy to him, but do despise a critter that shirks, and this chap, Jim Bagley, was about the laziest—lazy is no name for it! He'd set on the cross-trees and go to sleep, and if we made a spread-eagle of him one't we did it forty times. But, what was the use of that when he slept all the better when he was safe

"Well, the fust-mate sent him up to look out one day, and he went to sleep as usual and that made the old man mad, and he went out with a rope's end and basted that lazy cuss until he was blue as indigo. That night, when I was goin' below to bunk in, l found him settin' on his chist, blubbering like a young calf.

"'Til make a hole in the water if he lick me ag'in, Jack,' he said. "'You ain't got the pluck,' I told him. Why, you blamed lime juicer, you will git lammed twice a day through the run, now that the old man caught you shirking. No

officer is going to stand that.'
"'He won't lick me but once more, and Ill haunt him till the ship goes down, said Jim, shaking his head. I didn't think he meant any thing, but the next night, when it was his watch on deck, he went to sleep ag'in, and the mate basted him good. I was at the wheel, half an hour later, when

sound. We were running twelve knots, with a fresh wind blowing, but we hove the ship to and called all hands, and come to look, Jim was missing. He had done just what he said he would, and though we sent out boats, we could not find him.

"There was no peace on the ship arter that, I tell you, for Jim kept his word. He haunted that ship by night, ginerally bout the time he jumped overboard. The first time I see him I was standing at the wheel

the time he jumped overboard. The first time I see him I was standing at the wheel, when I felt a cold touch on my face, and looked, and by the light of the binnacle-lamp I see'd the face of Jim Bagley, just as it looked in life, only awful pale. I let go a yell that you could have heard two miles, and if my mate had not grabbed the wheel the ship would have broached to, certain. The officers laughed at me when I said I had seen Jim, and had a search made; but, what was the use? They couldn't find hide nor hair of him, anywhere.

"The men begun to git scared. It was as much as any one could do to git a man into the hold now, for they thought Jim Bagley had a spite on them, and would do 'em some harm. The next night when the mate that had licked Jim was lying in his berth, he heard a sort of sliding sound, and a cold hand was laid upon his forehead. There was no light in the state-room, but the winlows were open, and as the moon was shindows were open, and as the moon was snin-ing brightly, he recognized Jim. He didn't speak, but just pointed his finger at the mate, in a slow, solemn kind of way, and floated out of the state-room. As soon as the mate could git up his courage he rushed out, but he hunted a shadow. Jim Bagley's ghost was nowhere to be seen. From that hour until we touched at Rio, Jim Bagley's ghost appeared to many, always at the same solemn hour, disappearing as strangely as he come. Not one among the crew but breathed freer when we touched port, and vowed in his heart never again to set foot vowed in his heart never again to set foot in the Sylvia, for we knew that she was a doomed ship and would not go back safe to New York. There was a stampede as soon as we could git ashore, and the old man had to ship a new crew, and we saw the Sylvia sail out of the harbor of Rio, to meet her fate; for Jim's ghost would not rest in peace until the Sylvia and her officers were under the wayes where his body had gone under the waves, where his body had gone down. She sailed, I say, and we saw her go, and from that hour, mortal man has never seen or heard any thing of the ship, her officers, or crew. Whether she sunk in a squall, or was burned to ashes, I don't know, but nothing of the wreck ever came

"And you never saw Jim Bagley or his ghost again?" I asked.

"Of course not; he went with the ship. 'Long as he got her he was satisfied, though there are some fools that claim he was hid somewhere below, and came up at night to steal grub. But, as I said afore, only a nat'ral fool would talk like that, and when I hears a man insinivate that there's no sech things as ghosts, I think there is a room for him at the lunatic asylum. Pass the grog, Greeny; I'm going to turn in, if I means to git any sleep afore the middle watch."

I was silent, for I knew the penalty of disbelief. Jack Ratline was a man of his

Beat Time's Notes.

RULES FOR HEALTH.

NEVER go in swimming in the winter time, unless you are well wrapped up. Never eat any more than you can hold. Abstain from all villainous liquors—drink

only of that which is good. Don't overtask yourself by carrying too much money around in your pantaloons.

Rise when the sun gets up—it is up the highest about noon. If you contract a bad cold, break the con-

Laugh some—you can accomplish this by looking at the cut of your last year's

If your spirits are boisterously exuberant, take a glance over your butcher's account.

Take plenty of healthful exercise by sitting and watching the darkey sawing wood

Don't take the small-pox, even though your best friend should offer it to you; decline it politely. To avoid the throat disease: don't fall into the sheriff's hands.

Don't strain yourself by trying to lift a note or raise a mortgage.

Always keep cool; if you find your nerves unduly excited, go and put up a couple of kitchen stoves.

Avoid sleeping out of doors at night or in damp cells. Don't wear linen clothes in winter.

Change your stockings frequently—from one foot to the other. Don't patronize a steamboat explosion. Throw your cigars away-when they get

too short. Avoid running too much-to saloons Don't try the worst side of life, sui-cide.

Swear moderately. Avoid all stimulants-such as boot soles and fists.

Protect your chest with a splendid diamond pin. Keep your wrists warm and comfortable

with splendid sleeve-buttons.

Don't venture out in a storm without an umbrella-a borrowed one will keep the

rain off as well as any other.

If you get too healthy, send for a doctor.

I justly pride myself with the reflection that no man will ever die as long as he can live up to these rules.

I HAVE often wished I had the Evening Star, which outshines all diamonds, to wear as a breastpin - wouldn't I cut a shine though, and step around somewhat bigly? And wouldn't it be so nice If I also had the shining ring of Saturn to wear on my finger? Some folks think the stars are bigger than they are, but I don't think so. are so far away that their smallness is not to be compared to their largeness. Were a fellow to light his pipe on one of them just now it would be hundreds of years before we could see the light of it, and if he should yell out, "Hello there," it would be longer still before you could hear it—sound and light travel pretty fast, too. I think I'd like to have the sun to hang up in my house this winter; it would be so nice, and save so much fuel! Comets are nothing but turpentine balls, with which the people of the stars celebrate their Fourth of July's. I have stood and watched the stars on many a winter night wrapped up in admiration and a blanket. The study of stars belongs

to the very highest branches. BEAT TIME.



BY A MONEY-CHANGER'S WINDOW.

him so. Love's a queer thing. This world is full of queer things. I can't understand it, someway."

This poor creature, who couldn't understand the world, looked in again through the window. They were getting ready to fasten the motto in its place above the altar. The woman with the white soul had disappeared.
"Perhaps he wasn't so much to blame

for what happened as I was, after all," the woman went on, in a slow, drowsy way.
"I hadn't any right to expect that he would care for a poor, miserable creature like me, after a little. I haven't any right to love! I oughtn't to think of such a thing, but I did hope he'd care for me, and give me a home. I might have known better. I wonder how you could have been fool enough to think of such a thing, Jane Brent?

She shivered again, and caught her breath in a gasping way, as if the wind

A form came around the corner of the church, and ran against the woman at the window, before either of them was aware of the other's presence.
"Who are you?" cried the woman, suddenly, turning about, and facing the other.

"I wasn't aware that any one was here," was the reply. "I was going out to my mother's grave, just at the corner of the yard there, to put this little bunch of pine and hollyberries on it, that she might know we keep her memory green, and the storm blinded me."

"It's you, is it?" the other asked, hoarse ly. "I've been watching you through the window. I saw him kiss you. You love him, don't you?" In the light coming faintly through the

frosty panes the woman who asked the question could see a soft light steal into the woman's face, making it tender and sweet.
"Yes, I love him," she answered, as if to "Dear Cyril!" Then, as she sud denly recollected herself, she added: "Don't mind me, please. I'm so happy to-night that

I don't know just what I'm saying, I think. You look cold. Are you?"

"I'm not very warm," the woman answered. "But it don't make much difference. Nobody cares for me!"

"God take care of you, then, and give you a happier Christmas than you have known for many a year." The young wo-man bent and kissed the other's face, suddenly, and a tear fell from her eyes upon it. Then she turned away, and the woman was "She kissed me!" she cried. "She is an

angel, and an angel kissed me!"

came floating out upon the wind. They were rehearsing an anthem for the morrow. Then a voice—she, listening, knew whose it was, because it was so sweet, so pure—sung a verse of some old hymn in commemoration of Jesus' birth in Bethlehem. "I have heard an angel sing," the woman whispered over, in a kind of rapt way. "I have talked with an angel, and an angel

Presently the melody of the organ's voice

kissed me!" There was the sound of merry bells at the door, and she saw them getting ready to go home.
"If I could see him for a moment!" she

said, eagerly. "Maybe I can. I'll slip around to the door and hide in the shadows till they come out. glided away through the storm Presently the young people came out of the church, laughing and talking in great glee. They had no remorseful thoughts to haunt them this Christmas night, thought the wo-

Her angel came last, leaning on her lover's arm. She was quiet and thoughtful, the woman saw. Was she thinking of her, she wondered? "I sha'n't get a chance to speak to him,'

she thought, as they passed her. She saw him help her into the sleigh, and tuck in the warm affghans about her with tender "I've left my gloves," he cried, just as they were about to drive off. "Wait a moment. I can find them without a light, I

He ran up the steps, and opened the door.
The woman glided in after him.
"Cyril," she cried, catching him by the

He started.

"You here?" he cried.
"Yes," she answered. "You didn't think to see me here, did you? Somehow I got I heerd a splash in the water and a gurgling